JOHN BULL, AUGUST 29, 1931
TWOPENCE.

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Vol. L.
No. 1315.

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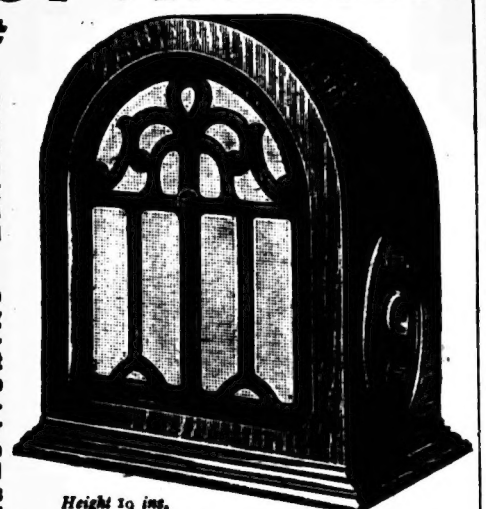

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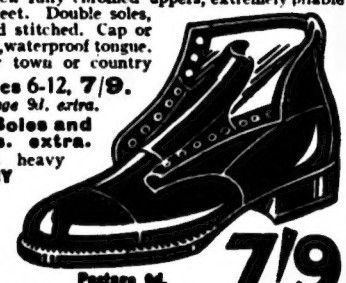

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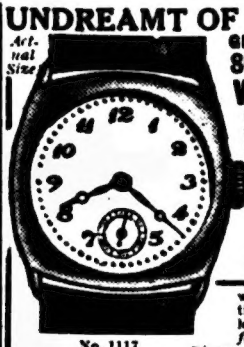

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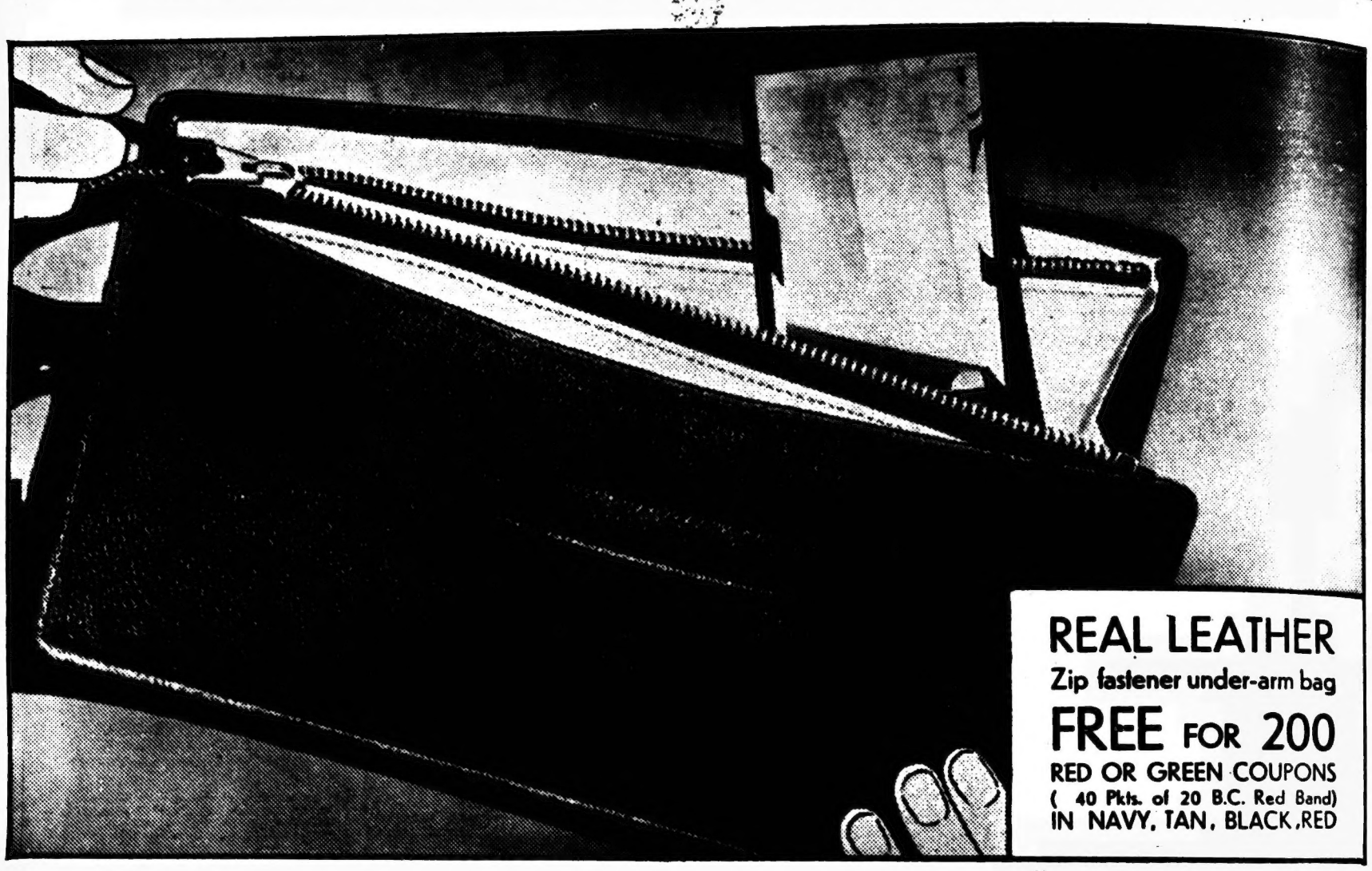

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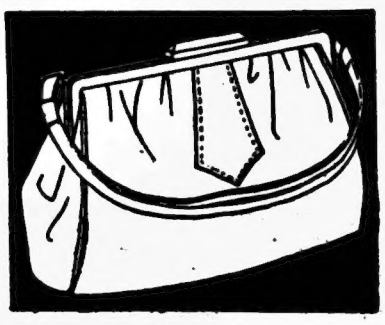

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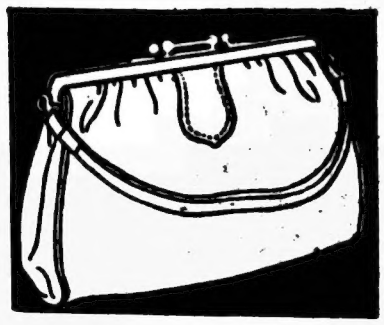

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, August 29, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Great Westminster Drama

Stab-in-the-back Financiers

Fair Rent Houses

THE Emergency Session of Parliament, which, unless events take a totally unforeseen course, will open in about a fortnight's time, is likely to be more ghly charged with excitement than y Parliamentary session since the reat War.

Whoever is in charge of the Emergency Budget, imposing economies d extra taxes, will have to fight it rough in the teeth of bitter opposion from an augmented Labour ft Wing, and in the face of many sgivings from other members of the use of Commons.

* * *

A critical stage in the Parliamentary ruggle opens on Monday week, ptember 7, when the Trades Union ngress meets at Bristol.

he Grave Alternative

t is certain that the Trade Union nk and file will support its leaders d reject the idea that the country n be saved by wage and "dole" s.

t is still not certain, however, how ny Trade Union M.P.s will carry ir opposition into practical effect en it comes to divisions.

* * *

he Chancellor of the Exchequer tell the House of Commons that alternative to supporting his proals is national bankruptcy—and 0,000 unemployed at Christmas. s will bring many waverers into line.

e Tariff Issue

ne thing is absolutely clear. That hat if the proposal for a 10 per . revenue tariff is put as an rnative to "dole" cuts at the des Union Conference—the revenue ff will be carried by a big majority. r. A. J. Cook (of the Miners), Mr. est Bevin (of the Transport kers), and Mr. W. M. Citrine (the etary of the T.U.C.) will support Tariff, while Mr. A. G. Walkden, one of the leaders of the Railway ks, will lead the opposition against

* * *

is worth noting that the opposito any "dole" reductions has from the representatives of the nised wage earners, who believe it would mark the first step rds a general cut in wages.

ken with salt

mours about the failure of this n's Russian wheat crop and about ssation of Soviet wheat exports ld be treated warily.

eculators are busy on the Conti, hoping to send up prices on the gth of stories about reduced supbeing available for the world et.

on the prowl

rm labourers have complained to Minister of Agriculture that while of them are unemployed and s are threatened with the loss of jobs, Irish labourers are coming he country and are getting work. y rightly contend that all available jobs should go to local workers and the Minister is making a full investigation.

Rail revolution

Nearly four months ago JOHN BULL announced exclusively that Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth were conducting experiments with an oil-electric machine which would probably revolutionise railway traction and supersede the Weir Committee scheme for grid electrification.

The scheme is now in the hands of the Ministry of Transport and other members of the Government. It is now claimed that this Diesel system would cost £150,000,000 instead of the £340,000,000 estimated in the Weir Report for main line electrification.

Profits of 15 per cent. against 6½ per cent. are promised, which would enable a considerable cut in freights.

As we first indicated, the costly grid scheme must be carefully weighed in the light of new methods.

Doubting princes

The Prime Minister is determined that our own political and economic problems must not be allowed to interfere with the work of the India Round Table Conference, which meets in London on September 5.

"Lost confidence in Federal plan"

The Conference has no easy task before it and its difficulties may be increased by the suspicion with which some of the Indian Princes are beginning to view the plan of federating the Indian States with British India.

The Maharajah of Patiala, one of the most outspoken advocates of the Federal plan at the last Conference, would now appear to have lost confidence in it.

It is to be hoped that the majority of the Indian princes will refuse to be influenced by the change in his opinions.

Britain is solvent

The flood of hostile propaganda from the Continent which is intended to damage our credit abroad is by no means at an end.

If anyone doubts our solvency let them remember that our foreign investments are between four thousand million pounds and five thousand million—half as much again as those of America.

Not only have we these gigantic sums invested in other countries, we have paid off eighty million pounds' worth of short-time debts in the last three years.

Our merchant fleet is still twice as big as that of the United States, and we carry more than one-third of the world's goods. We are still the world's bankers and underwriters.

The big menace

It is satisfactory to note that, in the British Government's Annual Report to the League of Nations for 1930, no evidence had been obtained to show that illicit traffic in drugs exists in this country except on a very small scale.

In Great Britain the control over the trade in dangerous drugs is such that we may be assured that the traffic has not increased over that of previous years.

* * *

It is a fact that illicit traffic in the British Dominions, in British Colonies, the United States and Egypt and other countries shows little diminution generally.

We hope that co-operation between all countries will be closer still, and that renewed drastic efforts will be made to suppress one of the greatest social menaces of the present day.

Two leaders

Mr. Neville Chamberlain seems to be steadily casting Mr. Baldwin from the position of dominant personality in the Conservative Party.

It was Mr. Chamberlain who made the speech which first focused attention on the national financial crisis. It is he who is representing the Party in the daily communications between Government and Opposition.

Mr. Baldwin's friends say that he is allowing Mr. Chamberlain to play the prominent part as a matter of tactics, but other Conservatives believe that Mr. Baldwin's chief of staff may before long assume the actual leadership of the Party.

It must be done

Take no notice of the cables from America denying that plans are under way for scaling down war debts. The Governor of the Bank of England may have gone to Canada for health reasons, but it will not take him long to step over the border.

The fact has got to be faced by the American Government that if they want a trade revival war debts must be more than scaled down. They must be obliterated altogether.

It has a big fight in front of it, for there are powerful interests who want their pound of flesh, but the American Government will win in the end.

Its immediate loss in cash would be amply compensated by the revival in world trade which would follow.

Folly to sell

There is no reason at all why small investors should be nervous about the projected war loan conversion scheme.

It is true that they may be invited to accept a smaller rate of interest—but the consequent saving to the Exchequer will improve the national finances and may avoid the imposition of new taxes.

Chancellors of the Exchequer have always been out to convert public debt to a lower rate of interest when they could and there is nothing novel in Mr. Snowden's proposal.

If small investors rush to sell their war loan they will depreciate values unduly and do themselves financial harm.

Sensible

Though the rents of many of the earlier municipal housing estates are high, most of the houses are tenanted by people who can afford to pay at that scale. The number of ordinary working men tenants in such houses is not large, and many of the tenants own their own cars.

Makes "an excellent suggestion"

This factor has influenced Mr. Greenwood, the Minister of Health, in a circular he has sent to all the local housing authorities.

Instead of averaging the rents of their existing houses with any they build in future at the lower costs now prevailing, he suggests that the new houses should only have charged against them their actual present day cost.

This is an excellent suggestion, providing the cheaper houses are offered to those whose earnings are not high.

Teetotal Tommy

The Army is gradually transferring its affections from the wet to the dry canteen.

According to Mr. Tom Shaw, the number of convictions of soldiers for drunkenness has gone down to one quarter of what it was in the year before the war.

What is more, general discipline has improved, and the number of courts-martial decreases year by year.

Worth supporting

For the first time in its history, the British Association will hold its annual meeting in London next month. In the past the honour of entertaining this distinguished body has fallen on provincial towns.

An unusually large number of scientists, historians and social workers will be present, including Sir James Jeans, Sir Oliver Lodge, and General Smuts.

Members of the public are able to join the Association without any technical qualifications and many of the lectures are of great interest to the lay mind.

We commend the British Association to the support of our readers.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"—(Continued)

Within her rights

The Labour Exchange authorities at Runcorn told a woman soap-worker that she would have to take a living-in domestic position at Windermere, 100 miles away—which meant leaving her husband—or have her benefit stopped.

* * *

The Court of Referees, supported the Exchange Authorities, but ultimately the case was taken to the umpire, the Whitehall authority, who has the last word on points of law in connection with the Unemployment Insurance Scheme, and he ruled in favour of the woman.

"Employment which would involve separating a married woman from her husband," he said, "cannot be regarded as 'suitable employment' within the meaning of the Act."

The old spirit

Big efforts are being made to sell our produce in South America as a follow-up to the recent exhibition.

In two months' time, a ship, which Lord Derby has aptly named the *British Exhibitor*, will sail with samples of British goods for display at all the great ports of the South American continent.

He called her—

She will follow the route of the old English sea dogs on their voyages to the Spanish Main.

We hope she will come back with many rich prizes in the shape of badly needed orders for our industrial towns.

Deathtrap

In the last three or four years there have been four bathing fatalities at Warren Point, near Minehead.

Bathers have been caught in the dangerous current and swept out to sea. The sands are smooth and level and there is nothing to indicate the lurking danger.

* * *

Two years ago the jury at an inquest on a drowned boy recommended that warning notices be erected by Minehead Council.

Recently, Mr. Rhys Elias, Director of Education for Merthyr Tydfil, was drowned at the same spot. The Coroner recalled the previous rider by the jury and it was disclosed that nothing had been done.

A second rider was passed by the jury and we hope that adequate warnings will now be erected.

The helping hand

When Mrs. Jane Thorpe appeared at a Cardiganshire petty sessions on a charge of theft, Mrs. Potter, the victim, pleaded that the charge should not be pressed.

It was disclosed that Mrs. Thorpe was married to a man who had callously deserted her after three years, during which he did no work. She was destitute at the time of this theft—her first offence.

After Mrs. Thorpe had been bound over, the magistrates, the court officials and Mrs. Potter clubbed together and handed her a useful sum of money—a fine example of true humanity.

A memorial

In a recent Candid Communication, we advocated a memorial to the late Lord Knutsford.

A donation of £1,000 has been received by the Committee of the London Hospital suggesting that a Fund in remembrance of the man who "begged" and worked so hard in the Hospital's cause, should be started.

There would appear to be a general desire for a memorial in honour of this splendid man, and it has been decided to open a "Lord Knutsford Remembrance Fund."

All those who wish to honour the name and work of a great man should send their donations to the Treasurer, London Hospital, London, E.1.

Helping hoppers

The thousands of workers who will be migrating from London to Kent for the hop-picking season during the next few weeks are likely to have better attention.

The Minister of Health has made suggestions to local authorities as to how the health of the pickers can best be safeguarded. It is gratifying to know that the authorities have responded.

In addition, the British Red Cross Society is establishing dispensaries in the fields. Thus the dangers of an epidemic have been reduced to a minimum.

The camp ramp

Many farmers are taking advantage of the open air craze and are putting up the prices for camping sites to extortionate figures.

In popular holiday districts they are charging as much as ten and eleven shillings a week for pitching a tent on unproductive land.

Farmers must be content with a reasonable profit.

"Weary man at the wheel"

Referring to an article under the above heading in the issue of JOHN BULL of May 23, 1931, we wish to make it perfectly clear that it was never in fact intended to refer to the well-known Premier Omnibus Company, Limited, and its associated coach company, Premier Line, Limited, whose registered offices are at Shepherd's Bush, and whom we are satisfied do not carry on their businesses on the lines as set out in the article in question.

We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere regret to the above-named companies for any inconvenience or annoyance we may have caused them by confusion having arisen through the similarity of name with an entirely different undertaking.

Take care of baby

At a Llanelly inquest the other day, it was revealed that a baby died through eating some pills prescribed for the father.

They contained strychnine and the child took thirteen times the quantity necessary to cause death.

Worth watching

In a house where there are young children all drugs and dangerous articles should be kept on a shelf or locked up out of the reach of busy little fingers.

The burning question

They are sticklers for procedure in the Radlett and Aldenham, Herts., Fire Brigade.

Printed cards have been issued with some carefully arranged instructions thereon.

This is how it goes: "In case of fire, call Radlett 6222 and say where the fire is. If no answer, call Radlett 6156 and say where the fire is. If no answer, call Radlett 6791 and say where the fire is. In case of difficulty, dial 'O' and await answer."

Presumably the unfortunate caller then proceeds to say where the fire *was*.

A real hero

As he lay dying, an 18-years'-old cyclist, Edward Thorpe, of Codnor, near Derby, told a helper that the driver of the bus with which he had been involved in a collision was not to blame.

"It is a tribute to the character of this young man," said the coroner, commenting on the case.

We agree. A man who can think of others in his dying moments is a real hero.

Tricky

How many poor people are aware that, should they be the victims of personal assault, they are unable to claim in the civil courts for damages, loss of wages and medical costs, if they have first obtained a conviction against their assailant?

This fact was revealed at the Swansea County Court when a man brought an action for £45 against a sea captain.

Because the latter had already been fined £2 and costs, the action for damages was not heard.

This is poor consolation for the unhappy victim.

A cheap get off

Harold Schofield, of Lees Road, Oldham, has been fined £5 for cruelty to his two-years-old son.

His wife had continually complained of his brutality and was foolish enough to take him back after getting a separation order.

He came home late one night and, despite the efforts of his wife and his mother, both of whom he assaulted, he took his sick child out of bed in the rain and cold.

Suffering from pneumonia and bronchitis, it is no wonder that the baby died.

This brute, with the death of a helpless baby on his conscience, has escaped with a small fine. He is indeed lucky to have got off so lightly.

That sinking feeling

Many miners who bought their humble homes from colliery companies are alarmed by recent subsidences caused by mine workings.

In addition to the risk of personal injury there is the grave danger of the collapse of the home. Often their only savings are represented by four small walls.

Unfortunately, the house deeds often contain a clause in which the colliery company disclaims responsibility for such damage.

Surely they have a moral obligation to these poor people even if their legal standing is safe.

An amazing offer

The sensational half-price offer of the JOHN BULL edition of the Modern Illustrated Dictionary is still sweeping the country, as the most amazing book bargain of the year.

Orders for this great work of modern knowledge keep pouring in by every post, and the demand has been so huge that the half-price concession to our readers must soon end.

You must hurry if you do not want to miss this wonderful offer.

The volume, with its 1,476 pages and its wealth of beautiful illustrations, is an up-to-date dictionary and encyclopædia in one. It also contains information on cross-word puzzles which may win you a handsome cash prize.

Published at £1, this invaluable book can still be obtained by JOHN BULL readers for only ten shillings.

Turn to page 27 for full details.

Faster freight

Though we have often found it necessary to criticise the railways, we are also glad to praise any effort towards improvement.

The Great Western Railway, which holds the world's speed record, is now running non-stop freight trains from London to Penzance and from London to Birkenhead.

This means a saving of 122 hours every day. The L.M.S. is also speeding up its goods traffic.

This is good for both trade and railway companies.

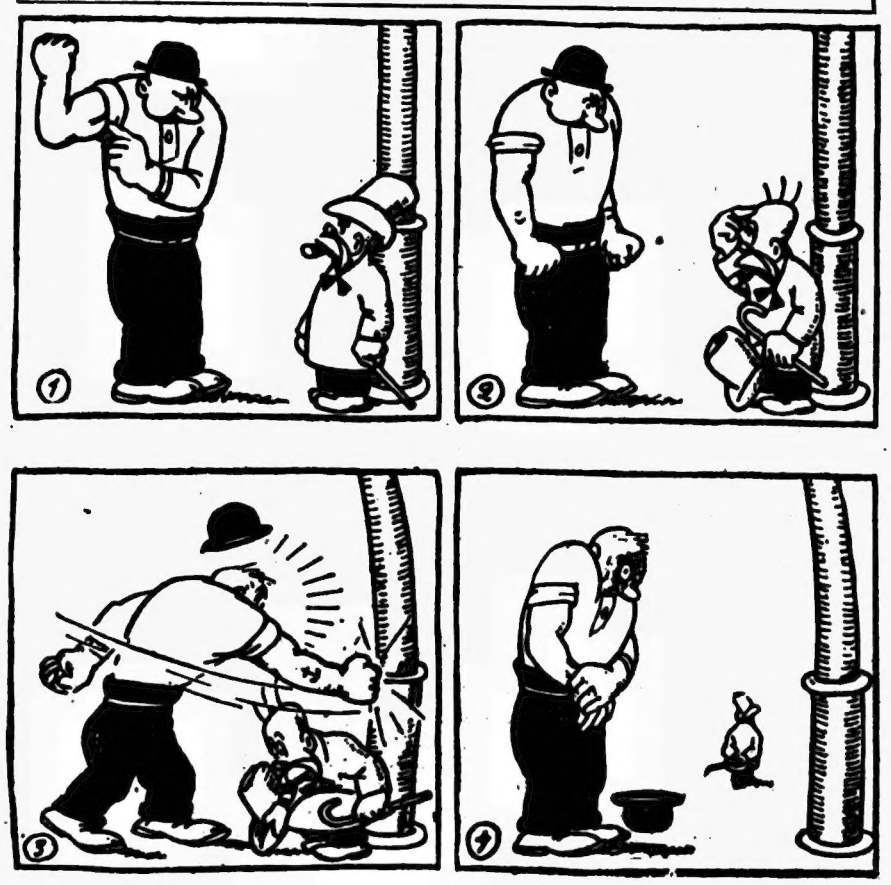
Merchant service scandal

We have often pointed out the deplorable state of affairs in our merchant service. The half-yearly report of the Officers' (Merchant Navy) Federation shows clearly that conditions have not improved.

In many instances the upper deck of merchant ships are manned entirely by officers. And these men are the lucky ones. Numbers of their fellow officers, some of them with master certificates, are either wholly unemployed or have had to take casual jobs as waiters or night watchmen.

All the report can suggest is a pensions scheme or relief from charitable funds. Our own view is that there should be an inquiry into the method by which berths are secured by foreign seamen while our own men are idle.

ADAMSON— —and Goliath



You look down on such "an act of basest treachery"

The Great GRAFT Scandal

by SIR STANLEY MACHIN

Late President of the Associated British Chambers of Commerce

THE crime of bribery has been denounced by the Bench as one of the foulest with which trade and industry can be afflicted.

Numerous authorities say it is on the increase.

In this article, Sir Stanley Machin, who is Vice-President of the Bribery and Secret Commission Prevention League, states the position.

He makes a plea for fair dealing as a prime essential for British trade recovery.

A PUNNING cynic—of Trans-Atlantic origin, I believe—once remarked that the oil on the wheels of progress is palm oil.

Like most bright remarks, it is an over-statement. But after a al survey of the recent convictions under Prevention of Corruption Act one might be iven for accepting his remark as gospel. Bribery in this country is on the increase. number of convictions, although an inient guide, *do* show it, and the experience of Bribery and Secret Commission Prevention gue, of which I am vice-president, provide her melancholy evidence of the fact.

A learned K.C., Mr. Macquisten, told the se of Commons a month ago, that "corion now stalks undetected throughout the d."

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt o the spread of bribery, which, as the conions show, covers almost every occupation every district in the land.

Since the Act was passed in 1906 there have n some 650 convictions. The records reveal that more than 200 separate occupations were followed by the various persons charged, and all sorts and conditions of men were found guilty.

The list of places where there have been convictions—outside London about 150 places—shows that the crime is not a monopoly of the large cities nor of any particular locality.

Over 140 of the people charged went to prison, some to penal servitude; and some £30,000 has been collected in fines and costs. The biggest bribe offered was between £30,000 and £40,000, and the smallest one shilling.

You may say that if bribery is as prevalent as it is said to be, the number of convictions—650 in twenty-five years—is comparatively small.

But it must be remembered that the law as it stands has its limitations and often fulfils Bacon's description—a web which traps the small flies and lets the large ones break through.

The only alteration to the old Act was made in 1916, when the penalties were increased. Bribery was then so rampant as to call forth a protest from His Majesty's judges against the inadequacy of the law, not only in its powers but in the penalties which could be inflicted.

THE late Mr. Justice Low declared that two years' hard labour and a fine of £500 was "absolutely useless and inadequate to deal with matters of this sort." It was due to him that the 1916 Act was hurriedly passed increasing the maximum imprisonment to seven years' penal servitude where public contracts are concerned.

Nevertheless, the disadvantages in applying the law have remained. One of the worst flaws is the necessity to apply for the Attorney-General's fiat before a private prosecution can be undertaken.

This, in the past, has led to abuse and delay, and has proved an effective bar to the chances of prosecutions being undertaken by public-spirited individuals who have been offered bribes or who have been asked for bribes.

Even without the trouble and expense of having to apply for the fiat it needs moral courage of a high order for an individual or a company to embark on the prosecution of some person who has attempted corruption.

The proviso regarding the fiat was originally intended to prevent blackmail, but after twenty-five years it has outlived its intention and is unnecessary.

Some claim that it has done almost more than any other thing to handicap the application of the Act.

For many years the League with which I am associated has laboured to secure its removal. Several attempts have been made, the latest being the private measure introduced by Mr. G. Mander, M.P.

SO far this year there have been seventeen convictions in the Courts under the Act.

The recent cases concerning Government servants have been particularly disquieting, as have also the various police cases which have been dealt with by their own authorities.

The most sinister aspect of this foul growth is shown when it takes hold of Government servants.

Forty-seven per cent. of the convictions for accepting bribes were on Government or municipal servants.

Yet that figure, if it tells us anything, tells us merely that the public services are more vigilant than any other in detecting and promptly punishing corruption in their midst.

Their standard of integrity still yields place to no other in the world.

It is to-day more than ever necessary for all men with any regard for the decencies of trading, and for all those who prize our national reputation for honesty, to unite together to stamp out the curse of secret bribery. There is no social institution in history which it has not touched and fouled.

PARTICULARLY is it necessary at a time like the present, when trade conditions are worse than at any time within living memory, when competition is fierce and sustained for those crumbs of trade which are available.

To avoid fair and open dealing at this time, to resort to bribes and secret commissions in the pursuit of business is more than a crime, it is an act of basest treachery.

International action is already contemplated. The Economic Committee of the League of Nations is to discuss the question at Geneva in October.

But education on the matter, more than repressive legislation, is needed.

It will be to our greatest credit when, in the words of the Lord Chief Justice, "public opinion and personal conduct have come to be of such a kind that there will be no longer any need for prosecution."

CONSOLATION *in the* CABBAGE PATCH

Rt. Hon. C. ADDISON, M.D., M.P.,
Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR DOCTOR,—One of the most cheering announcements in these parlous times is that sixty-four thousand unemployed men have this summer grown enough vegetables on allotments to supply their families. In some cases they have been able to make a little money by the sale of their surplus.

This has been done at an average State expenditure of seven shillings a head for seeds, implements and fertilisers.

But what I notice with a glow of satisfaction is the gratitude of the 64,000 at the opportunity of doing productive work.

In this scheme lies the nucleus of something with a far greater national significance. These results should encourage you to more ambitious efforts. It is for productive work that our present condition cries out.

I congratulate you and your executive committees upon the success of the allotments scheme.

JOHN BULL.

Sir J. CHARLES CLEGG,
President, The Football Association

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—There was some very bad refereeing in first-class Association football last year. I trust the opening of the season will show that you and your executive have taken remedial measures.

Referees, even though word-perfect on the book of rules, should not be deemed fit to control big matches until they have proved themselves in the arena.

I suggest also that this season you appoint a number of inspectors to report on unsportsmanlike wasting of time by the deliberate kick into touch, and upon the whole question of the offside rule.

JOHN BULL.

MR. WEDGWOOD BENN,
Secretary for India

DEAR BENN,—You must realise better than most men how exceedingly difficult is the position of the Viceroy in India to-day. Lord Willingdon was appointed to his high post with the approval of your own Government. He is the man on the spot and he is carrying the burden of immense responsibilities and dealing with problems of the utmost complexity.

I am relieved to have your denial of the rumours that you are seeking to curb his freedom of action by official letters such as would undermine his personal authority. Rumour-mongers of this kind do a grave disservice both to this country and to India.

I am sure you have the best interests of India at heart and that, as with Lord Irwin so with Lord Willingdon; your primary purpose is to give the Government in India every possible support.

JOHN BULL.

RICHARD MILLINGTON,
Liverpool

DEAR MILLINGTON,—I wish there were more men of your stamp.

When Mrs. Maud Clegg, a widow, caught her clothes alight by the fender, she dashed, screaming, into the yard.

You tore her clothes off, and smothered the blaze with an overall. Then you put your overcoat round the woman and telephoned for the police.

Unfortunately, she died, and you, yourself, received severe burns.

When the coroner complimented you, your reply was "It's only a man's duty."

Bravery and modesty are two rare qualities. You have them both.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. A. GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—I admire the stand you have taken against the proposal of the Huntingdonshire Public Assistance Committee to convert part of the St. Neots workhouse into a home for children.

You have vetoed the idea on the grounds that such an institution is no place for children. The workhouse savours of pauperism and no doubt you had that in mind.

The Committee is prepared to fight you, but you have the power to enforce your decision.

I hope you will do so.

JOHN BULL.

Sir SEYMOUR WILLIAMS, K.B.E.
The Lodge, Warmley, Bristol

DEAR SIR SEYMOUR,—For thirty-two years you have been clerk to the Warmley Council.

It is therefore all the more regrettable that you should suggest that certain poor people transferred from slum areas should be segregated in cheap houses of an unusually low standard.

Your so-called undesirables would not exist if the housing problem had been efficiently tackled when you first took office. As you yourself admit, your Council has "funked the problem."

If you had to leave the luxury of your own home and live in one of these poky dwellings providing no more than the bare necessities of life, I think you would change your views.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. HEDLEY GRIEVES,
Borough Surveyor, Sutton and Cheam, U.D.C., Surrey

DEAR SIR,—How long will your Council keep up their apparent indifference as to the conditions under which house owners on the new estates are living?

I refer particularly to the Church Hill Farm estate, where residents who have lived in their houses for more than two years still have to struggle through a mud swamp to get to civilisation.

It is time these roads were made up. Traders have been flooded out, motorists have had their cars damaged in the colossal pot-holes, and little children are cooped up because the mud is too thick for them to go out and play.

The rates are high and property owners have a right to decent roads. Cannot you do something about it?

JOHN BULL.

RAS TAFARI,
Emperor of Ethiopia

LION OF JUDAH,—When you were crowned with such pomp and ceremony as to almost wreck the finances of your country, you promised to free 2,000,000 Abyssinian slaves.

I am glad to learn that you are enforcing your decree with strong action against slave traders who persist in flaunting your will.

The visit paid to you by our own Prince Albert, Duke of York, undoubtedly had some bearing on your decision to bring this and other much-needed reforms to your country.

May you long follow the path of progress.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Mr. J. H. HOPTROFF,
Woods Lane, Derby

DEAR MR. HOPTROFF,—You celebrated your twenty-ninth birthday by plunging, fully dressed and wearing a mackintosh, into a canal and saving a nine-year-old child.

After this, you went home, changed and resumed your work as a railway man.

With you in this brave act was an unknown man who tried to save the child but had to swim to the side exhausted.

You are two courageous men and I am sure the thanks of the child's mother made your birthday a happy one.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

COMMANDER KINGSFORD SMITH: "Unless men are prepared to face dangers the young science of aviation will never reach perfection."

Agreed, but close formation flying and parade stunts in the R.A.F. are unnecessary risks.

REV. F. N. HUTCHCROFT: "To-day is pessimists' paradise: but any fool can be a pessimist."

True indeed. What the country needs is a little more of the spirit of the war years, when men facing heavy odds refused utterly to be downhearted."

MISS PADDIE NAISMITH: "Men don't know how to keep their motor-cars clean and lovely."

A ridiculous generalisation. Chauffeurs, drivers of commercial cars, and many private owners, are pridefully clean in their work.

Not from the B.B.C.—

Julian Wylie, Play Producer, goes a-hunting—

STAR-SPANGLED *Shakespeares*

WHILE men like C. B. Cochran,
Alfred Butt and Basil Dean
Still fiddle at the play-producing game,
A Really Big Producer's now appeared upon the scene!
Though modesty forbids that I should name
This paragon of paragons, I will not be unduly
Distressed if you discover I'm referring to yours truly!

For Bigness I've a passion; but I've looked around in vain
For the dramatist to write a Real Big Play
In this rummy little island. So I'm sailing o'er the main
To that Land of Great Big Things, the U.S.A.,
To find the Great Big Author who will write a Great Big Story
No Englishman could write for love of lucre or of glory!

But get this, youse folks—er—I mean, let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, although I'm a Big Man I've been cut to the quick by the gibes and sneers that have been hurled at me since I announced that I was going to America in search of "Big stories, big ideas and big plays."

What is there to get angry about in this? As I told one of your newspaper guys—er, sorry, but, you see, I've been rehearsing my part as a Great Big Perjucer and learning the Big American slanguage ready for when I reach Ellis Island.

What I meant to say is, I think I was justified in informing a London reporter that "America thinks bigger than we do." And if you reply, "It certainly talks bigger," I'll ask you, "Why not?"

Personally, I believe in Big Talk along with other Big Things, and I don't see why I should be accused of having fallen a victim to the boost-and-bluff fallacy merely because I pointed out that this is a little country with small fields, small distances and small buildings.

One result of this seems to be that our dramatists can only write small plays, and that's why I'm going to try to persuade six American dramatists, novelists or scenarists to write me a story a year for English consumption.

It is in a Great Big Country of big distances, big buildings, big bluff and better murders than we have here that one is most likely to find big plays and big playwrights. And, believe me, bo' —er—I mean to say, please accept my assurance—I'm the guy to find them.

My only fear is that this undersized country may be too small to accommodate my Great Big Ideas. However, I refuse to be intimidated, and the first thing I intend doing when I reach the Land of Big Things is to buy myself a new hat.

Meanwhile, I leave this little island full of charity and set out on my Great Big Quest full of hope:

Where the Babbits boost the loudest
Undecided if they're proudest
Of their biggest crooks and gangsters
or their merchants of hot air,
Or their big financial crashes,
Or their Great Big railway smashes—
That's the place for Great Big Drama,
and I mean to seek it there!

Though 'twas here that Shakespeare flourished,
And this little isle has nourished
Sundry writers somewhat bigger than
the bards of boost and bosh;
Still a notion firm I cherish,
And I'll prove it ere I perish,
That the Shakespeares of to-morrow
lurk in Texas and Oskosh!

A. G. GARDINER—

If he were dictator— H. G. Wells.

THE ONLY Way

—Points to:

IF I were Dictator" is, it seems, the subject of a new series of broadcast talks to be launched by Mr. H. G. Wells and developed by other eminent public men. The idea, which anates from Mr. Wells himself, is t the Dictatorship should not be fined to this country or that untry.

t should be world-wide. It should end from pole to pole, from Green-d's icy mountains to India's coral and, from the Russian steppes to African Karroo, from Tooting adway to the Golden Horn.

The Dictator is to have a free hand d no interference from Parliaments democracies, trade unions or .P.s, Rotarians, Freemasons or any er tiresome organisation.

No Caesars needed

We are to assume that by some racle the world is his to do as he s with.

nd the question for him to answer is what he would do to get it out of the mess it is in, and to send it spinning on its way again, tidied up, oiled and cleaned, and working as smoothly and regularly as an eight-day clock fresh from the hands of the clockmaker.

Mr. Wells' World Dictator, of course, is only a peg on which to hang his talks. The days of the Cæsars and Ghengis Khans and Napoleons are over.

It is true that we have our Stalin and our Mussolini, but those potentates are confined to their own countries, and I doubt whether even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who slobbers over every Dictator in turn, imagines that either one or the other could establish a world Dictatorship, or keep it for a week if he did establish it.

But if the Dictatorship idea is nonsense, the thought behind it is very far from nonsense.

Mr. Wells, like all those of us whose interests extend beyond the result of the 2.30 race or the chances of Arsenal keeping the championship, is perplexed by the break-up of the world order and by what is to be done about it.

We can all see to-day, what was clear to some at the time, that on August 4, 1914, the old world, into which most of us were born, committed suicide. It went clattering over the precipice into the unknown, shattering all its institutions into fragments.

For over four years we were so busy murdering each other that we did not realise the terrific thing that had happened. If we thought at all, we thought that when it was over the world would get back to its old ways and that everything would be much as it was before.

Too busy to bother

Lancashire—to take an example—had lost its trade with the East for the time being.

Indeed, Lancashire was so busy making tons of money out of the war that it didn't need its world trade. But all that would come back when it was wanted and when Lancashire had time to attend to it.

And so with coal and shipping and wool and engineering and the rest. They were all too busy about the war to bother about trade, even if there had been any trade to bother about.

But they had no doubt that when the war was over and things had settled down again they would pick up the broken threads and begin again where they had left off on August 4, 1914.

Even when the war was over we went on thinking that we had only to wait and everything would right itself.

To-day we know better. We know that when the old world system crashed seventeen years ago it crashed for good. Out of the "hideous ruin and combustion" of the war a new world order had to be born.

It is that new birth, with its pangs and its agonies, that we are witnessing now. It is a painful process, but we have to go through with it whether we like it or not. We have to go forward because we cannot go back.

The old system failed because it was built on a false bottom. All the movement of the modern world had been towards economic unity and co-operation. The marvellous developments of science had woven the world into a single piece.

Trade, in spite of tariffs, had become a universal interest.

Brazil was prosperous because Germany consumed the coffee that it grew, the Argentine prospered because Europe consumed its wheat, Australia throve on the wool with which it clothed the world, we prospered on the manufactures that we exchanged for the raw material of other countries. And so on.

Exploding peace

But while economically the world was becoming a unit of co-operation, it remained politically a patchwork of competitive and hostile systems, armed and accoutred for war.

Behind all the civilising tendencies of modern life the nations were drilling great armies and building great navies in preparation for the catastrophe they all dreaded, but did not know how to avoid.

The catastrophe came, and with it the economic structure of the world collapsed into the volcano over which it had been built.

And the lesson that emerges from that tremendous experience is that we cannot rebuild human society again on the old false bottom.

We cannot organise society economically for peace and at the same time undermine it with a powder magazine which any chance shot in Serajevo or elsewhere will inevitably explode, shattering all the pacific activities of men to smithereens.

In other words, economic solidarity of the world cannot co-exist with the political disunity of the world.

Come together

We can organise for peace, or we can organise for war, but we cannot organise for both. If we do, the tragedy of 1914 will be re-enacted on an incredibly more devastating scale and civilisation itself may perish irrevocably.

It follows from this that our political separatism must be accommodated to our economic unity.

The fierce nationalisms that divide Europe into armed camps must be subordinated to the civilising necessities of the modern world in which the well-being and prosperity of every country is bound up with the well-being and prosperity of all.

In other days it was possible for one country to prosper while another perished. It was possible because every country was more or less self-contained and self-satisfying.

It is no longer possible, for we are all interdependent. We prosper as a whole or perish as a whole.

The world cannot be "good in parts," like the curate's egg. The rot of one spreads corruption through the mass.

We see that to-day in the shadow of depression that overspreads the world. One nation after another has fallen under that shadow. Nothing will lift it permanently but a policy based, not on competitive armaments and the sanctions of force, but on mutual good will and international co-operation.

This cannot be brought about by Mr. Wells' World Dictator. Such a Dictator could only emerge by force and live by force. The world would not tolerate him, and his adventure, even if it were conceivable, would leave the confusion worse confounded.

But the ideal which Mr. Wells has in view, the ideal of world government, will be reached by other means. It will be reached because human society must exist, and cannot exist without a new world order.

Poet's vision

We have the beginning of that order in the League of Nations. The next step is the economic federation of the world, with the United States of Europe interlocked with the United States of America.

With that will come disarmament. The politics of the future will not be directed to war, but to the vast problems of human betterment which are common to all nations.

And the disease of nationalism, which is the heritage of a dead past, will vanish before that federation of mankind of which Tennyson wrote nearly a century ago.

It was a distant vision in his day. It is a necessity in ours. It will come because civilisation cannot survive without it.

---

ely Wisdom—by

NON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Sealed Lips

HERE is a vast amount of trouble in the world which would be greatly lessened by being shared. Trouble is apt to be magnified being brooded over in silence, but confided to a sympathetic ear it is in a truer light.

wing to their temperament, many ple find it hard to disclose their est feelings to another, both in ow and joy.

uring the war an elderly couple of acquaintance lost two fine sons, one them under peculiarly painful cir-stances. The grief-stricken mother me the story one day in an agony ind that moved me deeply. She said as an unspeakable relief to tell one all that she and her husband suffered through the killing of those . They felt that they had nothing to live for; their future was a blank. What does your husband say about I asked.

He won't speak of it at all," was the . "He has never uttered a word t it yet; he simply cannot. He is y reserved man by nature, and this est sorrow of our lives has so hed him as to paralyse all attempt xpress what he feels."

• • •

believed then, and believe now, that ey could only have broken through barrier of mournful silence they d have comforted each other as no else could have comforted either of .

is much the same with thousands people in ordinary everyday life, cially in the home.

rhaps the very last person to whom can open your heart when you are ded and perplexed in mind is the on who stands nearest to you. You ot quite know why you are so ent; you are tongue-tied by habit; your way to keep things to your-with the result that you are a y soul.

w easily we get at cross purposes one another because of this cial constraint! And then perhaps e hour of death, or in some shatter-risis, the truth comes out and we o one another. "If we had only n before, what a difference it would made!".

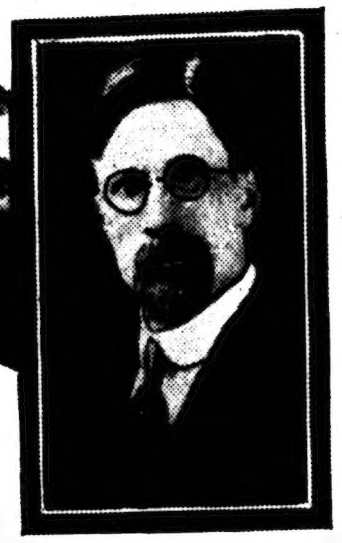
We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will:
We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown!

n't leave your confidences till it is te. We need one another at every on the road of life, and the nearer n draw to one another the easier ourney becomes.

are islands in a sea of mystery. only one vessel can sail that sea unite us to each other, or we shall in for ever apart. That vessel is

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Pastor Fetler sends out this photograph as one of his demonstrations at Riga



Pastor William Fetler

BEGGING PASTOR'S Queer Finance

I WAS a little surprised to learn the other day of the existence of a Russian Missionary Society, because, under the Soviet régime, missionaries are not permitted to enter Russia.

My surprise turned to interest when I called for further information and found that this society was making world-wide appeals, and had been the subject of various complaints.

I have therefore caused a thorough investigation to be made, with the result that facts have come to light which call strongly for publicity.

The Russian Missionary Society has its headquarters at Riga, in Latvia, and the founder and general director is a Lett, who describes himself as Pastor William Fetler.

Through the medium of a magazine called the "Friend of Missions," which Pastor Fetler edits and publishes at the "Riga Salvation Temple," appeals are made in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and many other countries throughout the world.

In this country an office is maintained at 43, Newington Butts, London, S.E., and appeals have been made at mission meetings in Eastbourne, Southbourne, Brighton and the Lake District.

Sob stuff

The July-August issue of the "Friend of Missions" is before me as I write, so I am able to give you some idea of the manner in which Pastor Fetler makes his appeals for support.

"When one reads of the increasing calamities of the Russian people, hears from eye-witnesses of what is happening there, one's heart begins to bleed," he writes in a personal appeal. . . . "Do what you can to help us in some way or other to support those in Sad Russia who are experiencing the worst horrors that the human mind can imagine."

It is quite clear that countless people of all nationalities have subscribed to Fetler's organisation in response to appeals of this sort, in spite of the fact that his work must of necessity be confined to the countries bordering upon Russia to which refugees have fled.

Charges from U.S.A.

Acknowledgment was recently made respecting a "special gift" of a motor cycle, provided by British supporters, for a "mission worker" in Latvia.

I do not wish to decry the aims and objects of the Russian Missionary Society, but there are many facts which ought to be made known.

At one time Pastor Fetler enjoyed an immense following in America, but latterly the American branch has broken away, and very grave charges have been lodged against him.

These show that, whatever his zeal as a missioner, his qualifications for the general management of such an undertaking leave much to be desired.

The chief bone of contention appears to be that Pastor Fetler has established a printing business at Riga, known as the "Revival Press," and the American followers are loudly complaining that a large proportion of the donations to the Society found its way into this printing business.

"Russia in the Hands of Godless Communism"—a cartoon from the "Friend of Missions"

Three American officials, Mr. E. E. Shields, Mr. Charles F. Fields and Mr. Charles F. Fredman, state that they were shocked to discover that this printing business was Fetler's private property and private enterprise, and that he was getting all the print orders for the Society's magazine and other literature.

"Mr. Fetler shipped to us in Chicago four tons of literature which had been printed on his privately owned 'Revival Press' in Riga," they complain. "This literature was ordered by Mr. Fetler, the General Director of the Russian Missionary Society, from the same Mr. Fetler, the proprietor of the 'Revival Press,' without the knowledge of the American section of the Society."

£1,000 overcharge

Such a state of affairs is naturally open to the strongest objections, but the complaint does not end there, for it is stated that Fetler overcharged his American followers on this deal to the tune of nearly £1,000.

There are other allegations of overcharging and of failing to account for money collected, while it is added that in one campaign, which yielded subscriptions amounting to £5,809 4s. 5d., something like £3,700 8s. 11d. was swallowed up in "expenses."

But one of the most disquieting transactions carried out by Fetler is the printing and binding of 10,000 Bibles in the Russian tongue.

This undoubtedly supplied a big job for the "Revival Press," but it is now known that the undertaking was quite unjustified.

A recognised Russian Bible is already in existence, and more than sufficient copies would be available if it were possible to get them into Russia.

It is the production of a London organisation of world-wide repute, and Fetler's edition is a mere photographic copy.

Apart from being pirated in this audacious fashion, I am assured that the work of the "Revival Press" is not shown at its best, as many of the pages are badly blurred.

Bibles banned

Yet the public, which has subscribed so generously to Fetler's scheme, has had to foot the bill for this order, and though there is no immediate prospect of these Bibles being distributed in Russia, the "Revival Press" has been kept busy.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that at least one commercial association in London has placed Fetler's society on its blacklist.

The appeals of this enterprising Lett, which are singularly widespread, should be firmly ignored, for however much one may be inclined to sympathise with the people of Russia, the above facts hardly stamp Pastor Fetler as an ideal dispenser of charity.

HUNTING BUNTING: *The Will-o'-the-Wisp Employer*

ATTRACTED by an advertisement in a weekly newspaper, a South London reader got into touch with A. Bunting, at the Newsale Association, 14, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4.

Bunting, who introduced himself as the director of the Newsale Association, explained that he could offer full-time employment.

After some preliminary discussion, an agreement was drawn up and signed, under which our reader was definitely promised employment at a salary of £4 weekly, plus a monthly bonus, guaranteed never to fall below £8. In return, the new employee parted with £25, which represented every penny of his savings. As he had been unemployed for ten months, and had a wife and family to support, he was naturally overjoyed at the prospect of starting work.

But on the very first day that he reported at the Cursitor Street office for duty, he found that business was not as brisk as he had at first been led to suppose. In fact, there seemed nothing whatever for him to do, and Bunting kept putting him off with excuses.

Something or other was not yet fully settled . . . it was believed that he would be able to commence work "towards the end" of next week . . . and so on.

The next week came, but Bunting then said that it was "not yet convenient" for the promised employment to start, and ventured to put up an alternative proposition, which involved selling toilet requisites from door to door.

Our reader did not feel enthusiastic about this suggestion, so he hung on until Bunting wrote to say that he was giving up his office and would like future letters sent to his home address at Albert Street, London, N.W.

A week or two later Bunting moved to a boarding house near Regent's Park, and the investor now began to press for the return of his £25.

Bunting sent him 12s. 6d., saying that he would have made it a pound but had to pay 7s. 6d. to a solicitor.

The investor actually recovered £5, but by this time Bunting was on the move again, and asked that any future communications should be sent "c/o G.P.O., Strand."

There the matter now rests, but investigations we have made show that many of Bunting's letters promising "something definite" were penned weeks after the Newsale Association had officially ceased business!

Maimed Ship-Boy ATROCITY

THE British sailor, lad or man, is the last person who seeks outside sympathy when distress and disablement become his lot.

In the case of young William Hook, of Bristol, however, there is need for exposure of a series of scandalous circumstances.

Hook is just sixteen. A year ago, when he left secondary school, he started on a commercial career which his parents had planned for him in one of the great business houses of the country.

His acquaintance with the inside of an office lasted for a few weeks only.

The sea was in his blood. Every man in his family for three generations had lived in ships and this boy had the urge to follow them.

"A sturdy youth brimming with health" before he was manhandled in the "Carare"

Outward bound

So his father, who is now an officer of the Port of Bristol Authority, obtained the cancellation of his clerical indentures and got him engaged as deck-boy in the *Carare*, one of the cargo liners which ply between Avonmouth and the West Indies.

Four voyages he made in the last twelve months, and unquestionably he was shaping well as a seaman.

Hook was then a sturdy youth brimming with health.

Now he is a physical wreck not long emerged from the shadow of death. His condition has changed so terribly that his closest relatives who have known him since childhood could not recognise him when they saw him again.

This is the explanation:

When Hook was on his last homeward run in the *Carare* he fell foul of an older sailor in the fo'c'sle. This man, no doubt accidentally, trod upon his foot, and when the boy called him "Clumsy" he received a blow behind the ear.

As Hook reeled he crashed against a stout iron stanchion supporting the bunks and it collapsed upon him.

Tottering wreck

Next morning, suffering great pain from a shoulder injury, he reported sick, but, without receiving any treatment, he was ordered to resume full duty.

He had lost the complete use of one arm and hand, and, a few minutes after being sent back to work, he again fell heavily when attempting to carry a pail of hot water down the companionway of the well deck.

For a week, daily becoming more incapacitated and suffering intense agony, he was compelled to carry on his ordinary heavy duties, such as scrubbing decks and floors.

Even his attendance at boat-drill was not excused.

The ship was travelling in a gale, and, unable to support himself while working with one arm, the young deckhand, tottering with illness, suffered further nasty falls.

His shipmates, at least, recognised his plight and relieved him of such work as carrying food and tea.

Grim pilgrimage

For a week Hook himself had been unable to take any food and had existed solely on water.

The pain and difficulty of movement made it impossible for him to remove his boots or clothes and he slept in them, sodden wet.

Seven days after receiving his injury, Hook collapsed and crawled to his bunk.

He was told by one of his superiors that he was only shamming, and that if he did not rise at once and start work he would be kicked out and fined a week's pay.

Fortunately, the chief officer of the ship was summoned and he ordered Hook to remain in bed.

The *Carare* was then near Avonmouth. *One and a half hours before it reached harbour* the boy was given the first and only treatment. It consisted of putting his arm in a sling.

He was put ashore with the advice to visit a hospital as soon as possible.

No one was sent with him. In a snow blizzard he had to set out alone, desperately ill, to walk to his home in Avon Crescent, Bristol, some miles away.

He reached it hours later, and when his mother opened the door to him he fell in a dead faint at her feet.

The boy's soaking clothes were stuck to his body and his garments and footwear had to be cut away before he could be bathed and put to bed.

Without delay he was taken to hospital and the doctors saw at once that they would have a stern fight to save his life.

Young Hook was suffering from infected arthritis consequent upon a fracture of the shoulder, and the infected fluid had passed to the spine.

The tragedy of his condition, the doctors told the parents, was that instead of lying helpless in hospital, he would have been almost fit and well if he had been given prompt and proper treatment when he received the injury.

Instead, the best surgical skill would now be required to save him.

An urgent operation was necessary and for eleven weeks afterwards the boy hovered between life and death. He lay for six weeks encased in plaster of paris.

After five months, Hook—now a shadow of his former self—was able to leave bed a few days ago to begin convalescence.

His parents have spent all their savings in their anxious but successful fight for his life.

The National Union of Seamen, of which their son had become a member, made enquiries, but the parents have been notified by the union that no compensation is payable because the boy was injured "while fighting with another member of the crew" who had assaulted him.

Investigate

The allegations that the shocking condition to which this sailor-lad was brought and the months of suffering he has had to endure were the consequence of gross neglect and ill-treatment need the most thorough investigation.

We feel sure that we can now depend upon the owners of the vessel to probe the matter to the bottom.

FILM FIRM'S *Strange Black-Out*

MR. and Mrs. Gosling, of Clapham, London, S.W., are music-hall artistes. They have been in the theatrical business all their lives, and played in the Karno troupe with Charlie Chaplin, whom Mrs. Gosling describes as "a nice, quiet boy."

It was her brother-in-law, George Craig, who paid the King of Laughtermakers his first week's wages of 30s. when he joined the company.

* * *

But hard times having overtaken them, Mrs. Gosling, with the courage that distinguishes the "old trouper," got work as an office cleaner with Inter-Continental Films, Ltd., of 27, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

Her wage of 12s. a week helped to augment her husband's casual earnings as an "extra" in the films, or a "fill-in" turn at a concert or show.

Every morning, wet or fine, Mrs. Gosling set out for the West End at 5.30. There she washed and scrubbed and dusted with a will; wasting no time repining over her former triumphs "in the front row of the chorus," but remembering only that some semblance of a home could be kept together by her efforts until better times returned.

All went well at first, but gradually she experienced difficulty in getting her 12s. wage each week, and to her other worries was added this uncertainty of payment.

But, work being scarce, she hung on from week to week.

Finally, after being without pay for nearly three months, and getting tired of being fobbed off with promises from this director or that, she sued for her wages and a few shillings she had expended for fuel for her employers' fire.

She got a judgment for £6 7s.

The Court order failing to produce the money, she put the bailiffs in, only to find that the furnishings of the office were on hire and could not be touched.

So she is left not only without her wages but in debt for the money she borrowed to bring the Court action.

* * *

Now, Inter-Continental Films, Ltd., was formed to become proprietors of electric, cinematograph and other theatres; to purchase copyrights of plays and scenarios; to manufacture photographic and cinematographic apparatus; to engage in insurance, financing and underwriting, etc., etc., etc.

But, so far as we can discover, it has achieved very little, and seems practically unknown in film circles.

The directors are Edward C. Singleton, managing director; Jane Lasbrey, who is professionally known as "Gina Carlton"; Lucien di Balme, musical director, who Mrs. Gosling knew as Count di Balme, and George Alltree.

Both Lucien di Balme and Gina Carlton have written letters to Mrs. Gosling promising to pay her wages.

* * *

One quite freely admits that they "are entirely without money," another speaks vaguely of "our financial arrangements from abroad," and of being very busy "after return from abroad."

Meanwhile Mrs. Gosling is still without her money.

Mr. and Mrs. Gosling have now, for the first time in their lives, been forced to accept relief, and they both feel their position keenly.

"If we had only got the money owed me by Inter-Continental Films we might have managed along for a while without going to the Public Assistance Committee," she says, "but I have lost my other job as well, and I owe 24s. for the court action."

If the directors of Inter-Continental Films, Ltd., are so hard pressed that they cannot pay the meagre wage of 12s. a week to the office cleaner, it would have been the part of decency to have done the cleaning themselves.

A DARK MINE MYSTERY

GRIM PIT ERROR EXPOSED

Women must weep—a mine disaster scene. Alderman David Lewis (above) is secretary of the Rhondda Miners' Federation

HUMAN life is cheap in the coal industry.

But never have we known it to be sacrificed so recklessly as happened the other day at the Locketts-Merthyr Colliery, Mardy, in the Rhondda Valley of South Wales.

Three men died in ghastly circumstances which, for some reason, seem to have escaped the attention of the general Press.

A local Coroner's inquest have made an enquiry into the tragedy and have found that the cause of the deaths was "Misadventure."

Thousand feet down

This is a comfortable form of verdict which may give a sense of complacency to some people.

The jury of JOHN BULL's readers are sure to come to a much sharper and more condemnatory conclusion when they read how these three men were sent to their doom.

It was Sunday morning and they had to go down into the pit to attend and feed the horses in the underground workings.

When the cage containing them went down on its 1,000 ft. journey, it should have come to rest on a floor level with the entrance to the workings.

The floor had been removed. And the carriage containing the three helpless workmen plunged into a sump of water thirty feet deep.

There was not the slightest chance of escape. Even if they could swim they could not get out, and they were drowned like imprisoned rats.

On the previous evening, the floor of the shaft—beams laid transversely on stout posts—had been taken away to uncover the sump so that water could be baled out in tanks.

No one to signal

It is true that the Mines Regulations, although they provide for the use of automatic stops to arrest the descent of a cage, do not stipulate that wells below a pit shall be covered.

Legislators could never have contemplated that great sumps full of water at the bottom of mine shafts would be left uncovered, or, if they were uncovered, that men would be plunged down into them to death.

If the risk of sending workers down in such obviously dangerous conditions was to be taken, however, it would be imagined that a hitcher would have been on duty.

A hitcher is an attendant who watches the descent of the cage from the workings-level, and who signals to the surface for winding to stop when it reaches the end of its journey.

There was not even a hitcher on duty in this case.

People acquainted with mining operations may ask why the banksman on duty at the pit-head did not observe that the cage had gone below its normal level and signal to the engine-room for winding to cease.

The answer is that the regular banksman had been replaced by a temporary and unfamiliar workman, and that the lowering tackle of the cage was so arranged on this occasion that, even if he had been an expert in the work, he could not have known that the cage had travelled too far.

We do not know whether it was to save the extra payment necessary for his Sunday labour or for what other reason the regular banksman was not on duty.

What, then, about the man in the engine-house controlling the machinery which was lowering the cage?

He, at any rate, is a workman of great experience, and he has in front of him a recording dial from which he can gauge almost to a foot the position of the cage at any moment in its travel.

Mere guess-work

On this occasion he also was helpless.

When the water-baling had been in progress on the previous night, twenty-two feet of extra chain had been added to the lowering apparatus of the cage to allow it to enter the sump with the tanks.

Not only had the flooring of the shaft not been replaced, but this additional length of chain had not been detached before the three victims were sent down. The cage, therefore, was free to enter the water.

And the extra chain, of course, made the readings on the dial in the engine-house practically worthless. The engineman, further handicapped because there was no hitcher below to send up signals, had to wind the cage by guesswork.

When the extra chain was added to the lowering tackle of the cage, the safety-catch had to be removed.

The safety catch

Men must not be moved down or up a mine-shaft if the safety-catch is not in position.

It could not be replaced in this case because the extra chain had not been detached.

We believe that the reason why the representatives of the colliery company did not cause the chain to be removed and the safety-catch put back was that they intended to resume water-baling later in the day.

Two and a half hours' work would have been necessary to restore the cage equipment to its normal and safe state.

Because of that economy of time and labour, combined with the absence of other precautions, three men have been drowned and fifteen children have lost their fathers.

We reject the verdict of "Misadventure," and declare that these men died because a pit was being worked when it should have been known that the conditions were dangerous.

VICTIMS of a GLIB-TONGUED CAPTAIN

THE public—particularly hotel proprietors and boarding house proprietors—should be well on their guard against a clever and plausible rogue who is at present touring the country.

We have been unable to discover his real name because he favours a number of impressive aliases, but latterly he has passed as Captain C. W. Collingwood, R.N.

In this name he recently registered at a Bristol hotel, saying that he had an appointment there for the following day with a certain Doctor Deacon.

In conversation with various fellow guests he let fall the information that he had just been appointed a J.P. for Somerset, and he spoke enthusiastically of all he intended to do on the Bench.

He was in favour of showing a humane attitude towards offenders, he declared, and proceeded to air his views in a manner which commanded respect.

On the next day, Captain Collingwood made several anxious enquiries at the hotel office, pretending that he could not understand why Doctor Deacon had not turned up.

He also seemed surprised that the name conveyed nothing to the management. His old friend Doctor Deacon, he explained, was a most distinguished surgeon, and they had arranged to meet on very important business.

• • •

Perhaps the doctor had been unavoidably detained somewhere, so he left instructions that any telephone message or telegram should be conveyed to him without a moment's delay.

No message or wire came, however, and the next development was that Captain Collingwood suddenly disappeared, after doing himself extremely well and taking every advantage of the hotel service.

It says much for his plausibility that he explained away his absence of luggage in this instance by pretending that his "things" were at the station and that he did not wish to move them until he had conferred with Doctor Deacon and knew what his future movements would be.

Other complaints which have arisen show that this ingenious rascal lives in luxury and ease in this fashion, flitting from smart hotel to smart hotel as the fancy prompts him.

Immediately after the coup we have described, the Captain visited an adjacent town, registered at another hotel in the same name and repeated the same confidence trick.

• • •

The only touch of variety was that he pretended in this case to be awaiting the arrival of "His Honour Judge Jebb—a prominent American judge."

The facts here given should be sufficient to place people on their guard and we trust that this touring Captain will soon be made to keep an appointment with a genuine judge.

£100 IN A SECOND!

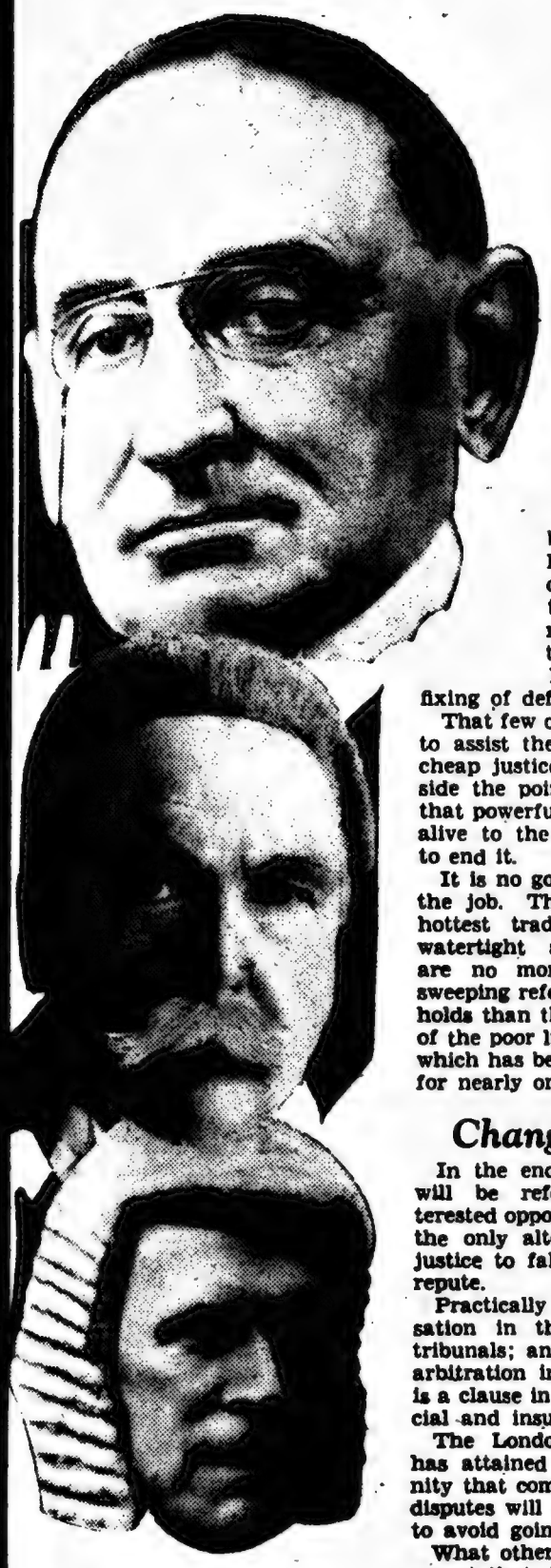
Good shots with the camera have splendid opportunities of scoring big prizes in the *Daily Herald's* great amateur Sunny Snaps Competition. Keep your camera by you ready loaded to "shoot" a jolly laughing picture of the holidays.

There is a prize of £100 for the best snap of the season, £25 for the second best, £10 for the third, and many other consolation prizes. For the best picture received each week there will be an award of £5 5s., and £1 1s. will be paid for any other picture published.

Rules and conditions for the Sunny Snaps contest appear each Wednesday in the *Daily Herald*.

The RED LIGHT for LAWYERS

by E. Roffe Thompson



Top to bottom: Sir Edward Parry. Judge Crawford and Lord Chancellor Sankey

IT is many years since John Bull first started hammering away at the pressing need for cheapening legal processes so as to make good the British boast that rich and poor are equal in the eyes of the law. To anyone with half an eye this is, to-day, nothing more than a pleasant fiction.

It is perfectly true, of course, that the rich man gets no preferential treatment. Justice, when it can be obtained, is meted out with an even-handed impartiality that has no equal in the world: but we have reached a position when it is only those with long purses who can afford justice.

Whether we like it or not, the fact is that our law courts have largely become the preserve of the rich.

So scandalous has the situation become that the London Chamber of Commerce has just put forward a memorandum to the Lord Chancellor advocating a number of reforms designed to speed up and cheapen justice. It suggests the appointment of a business manager for the Law Courts, the abolition of the ridiculous practice that junior counsel must receive from three-fifths to two-thirds of his leader's fee, and the fixing of definite dates for trials.

That few of them would do anything to assist the ordinary citizen to get cheap justice is, for the moment, beside the point: what is important is that powerful business men are at last alive to the scandal and determined to end it.

It is no good minimising the size of the job. The legal profession is the hottest trade union in the world, watertight and foolproof. Lawyers are no more likely to welcome a sweeping reform of their dusty strongholds than they welcomed that refuge of the poor litigant, the County Court, which has been an efficient institution for nearly one hundred years.

Change must come

In the end our whole legal system will be reformed, despite the interested opposition of its members: for the only alternative is to allow our justice to fall increasingly into disrepute.

Practically every commercial organisation in the country has its own tribunals; and a compulsory resort to arbitration in the event of a dispute is a clause in the majority of commercial and insurance contracts.

The London Court of Arbitration has attained such a position of dignity that commercial men involved in disputes will go to almost any length to avoid going into court.

What other inference can be drawn except that, tired of the expense and delay of our antiquated legal system, business men are giving more and more power to these voluntary rivals to His Majesty's judges? Either lawyers cannot, or will not, see the red light.

"The advantages of arbitration as an alternative to legal proceedings are now well known," said the chairman of the London Court of Arbitration recently. "It is universally recognised that the machinery of the law courts is comparatively slow, cumbrous and costly, while arbitration is usually speedy and inexpensive."

Golden barrier

That is a fairly blunt warning to those who think their interests lie in maintaining a golden barrier round justice.

Two recent cases have brought the problem of legal costs into the limelight in a violent manner. In a big commercial case the other day a juryman was observed to be exchanging a few words with a witness.

He should, of course, have known better, and when the judge dismissed the jury and ordered a new trial of the action he was doing nothing more than his inevitable and elementary duty. But it meant an additional £20,000 in costs to the unfortunate litigants.

In the recent trial of Lord Kylsant it cost Mr. Morland £17,000 to prove his innocence. Suppose Mr. Morland had been a poor man?

The injustice of our legal system is seen wherever you care to touch it. "The general rule," said a famous judge, more than fifty years ago, "is that poverty is no bar to a litigant. That, from time immemorial, has been the rule at common law."

Given a stone

Maybe—but what becomes of that rule when anyone who wishes to appeal from a police court to Quarter Sessions must give a £50 bond or other security before he can do so?

Where is the justice of giving a man a right of appeal if his exercise of that right is made to depend on the possession of money?

The instances of how lawyers use the cumbrous machinery of the courts to procure the flow of a golden stream into their pockets are innumerable. In a commercial action, not long ago, for the recovery of £40,000, the legal costs exceeded £60,000.

Again, in a case at the Bishop's Stortford County Court, it cost £300 to recover £78.

The action that arose out of the late Lord Northcliffe's will ate up £50,000 in legal costs; the Russell divorce case cost £30,000. When the Swansea Corporation constructed a new reservoir, a legal battle with the adjoining coalowners cost the enormous sum of £100,000.

One could go on endlessly. The admirable maxim of British law, that if a wrong has been committed it must be set right, was long ago extended by the lawyers to read: "But for setting it right you must pay us through the nose."

No wonder Judge Crawford once remarked: "It is a grave blot on our judicial system that costs should be allowed to run up to these enormous figures. I suppose it will go on—scandal, scandal, scandal!—until someone is strong enough and wise enough to stop it."

Judge Crawford is not the only one to indict our legal system.

"Innocent litigants," said Lord Buckmaster, "have frequently to hazard the whole of their savings to get justice from the courts of law;" while Lord Sumner was even more bitter: "Do not," he said, "be led away by the mirage of cheap justice. In this country justice is never cheap. It is difficult enough to get it at all."

However little the lawyers may like it, the remedy seems to me to be the increasing use of arbitration and conciliation. In any civil court it should be open to the defendant—whether the claim is great or small—to have the option of having his case settled by conciliation methods, and judges, masters and registrars should be required to act as arbitrators where desired.

No one has had more experience of the law than Sir Edward Parry, and this is his considered opinion:

"I have no hesitation in saying that, had I had the opportunity of assisting the poorer litigants who appeared before me to settle their cases by methods of conciliation before they had spent what, to them, were large sums of money in solicitors' costs and court fees, I would have succeeded in at least 75 per cent. of the matters I tried, and with better results to the litigants and a saving to them of their time, their money and their peace of mind."

Proud words

Law reform is more than ever a pressing public need, and I believe that it is along some such lines as these that we shall be forced to travel if we are ever to make real the proud words of Magna Carta, that to none shall justice be delayed, sold or denied.

PUZZLED?

The Human Machine

IN the midst of all the chaos and turmoil that is upsetting the smooth running of the world, a great many people are asking what is the real purpose of life.

Yet the puzzle is not so much to understand life as to understand ourselves—for life is, for the most part, the mirror of our own minds. "My mind to me a kingdom is" is perfectly true; even truer is the fact that our minds are life, for it is we ourselves who give to life, to all situations, good or bad, whatever character they have.

We each make our own little world in which we have to live. If we are cheerful, it is a cheerful world; if we are gloomy and miserable it is a world of anxiety and fear and disappointment. Life is good or bad according to how we view it.

For it is never what we have that makes us happy: it is how we use what we have. Many a labourer is happier in his cottage than a plutocrat in a Park Lane mansion. Contentment is a state of mind—not a list of possessions.

Those are wisest who do not expect too much from life, who try hard for success but are equally prepared for failure, who face difficulties cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

Too many people want perfection without being willing to work to make things perfect; they want happiness and prosperity and enjoyment without being under the necessity of earning it.

It is the one sure way to reap disappointment and disillusionment—for no life can be happy that does not hinge at some point on service to others. If any one thing can be said to be the key to life it is unselfishness.

DE RESZKE'S NEW MOVE

A cigarette for the 'brief-time' smoker

At the request of many smokers who seldom have time to smoke a full-sized cigarette right through, a new De Reszke cigarette has just been produced.

* ***It is called the D. R. Minor.***
* ***It is made of precisely the same high-grade tobacco as the larger De Reszke Virginias.***
* ***It is sold at 10 for 4d.***

Instead of accommodating quality to price, the manufacturers of De Reszke Cigarettes have now given the public what has long been wanted – an economic cigarette that the best judges of tobacco can smoke with appreciation.

De Reszke MINORS

5 for 2d. * 10 for 4d. * 20 for 8d.

De Reszke Americans 20 for 1/6 — *Plain or 'Ivory'-tipped* — *De Reszke Virginias 20 for 1/-*

For those who prefer Turkish — De Reszke 'Turks,' 20 for 1/-

WITHOUT Fear or Favour

THE Torment OF THE Viper's Tongue

STOP those venomous tongues by criminal court prosecution

IF an enlightened foreigner were asked to criticise the laws of Great Britain, one of the first defects upon which he might fasten would be the absence of suitable punishment for villainous and brutal slander.

For in this country it is no crime to torture a fellow-citizen with false and cruel imputations against his character, unless the damaging words are committed to writing.

The man or woman maligned by word of mouth has no remedy in the police-court.

The tongue of the malicious liar may rob his victim of friends, honour, domestic happiness, drive him out of his employment, goad him to the verge of madness, or beyond, yet the law views the whole chapter of wickedness simply as a "civil" injury, for which the only redress is an expensive action for damages in the High Court.

Women often are the sufferers; often, too, they are the culprits. At Hartlepool, not very long ago, the respectable mother of a family was found dead from gas poisoning.

On the kitchen table she had left a note saying: "I have been tortured by a wicked woman's tongue. I am innocent of all the slander, and am a white woman, not a traitor to my sex. Broken-hearted through it all, I can go on no longer. Someone please take care of my bairns."

Mud that clings

WHO knows through what a hell of torment she had passed before reaching the terrible decision to end her life. At the inquest witness after witness paid the highest tributes to her moral character. Both as wife and mother, she had been true and loyal.

Some jealous enemy of her own sex had sought to befoul her reputation and poison her relations with her husband. In a measure, perhaps, these evil designs had achieved their wicked ends.

The good-bye letter concluded, bitterly: "When mud is thrown, some of it sticks."

The coroner, who could find no fragment of truth amidst the farrago of false accusation, emphasised the powerlessness of the existing law to avenge such wrongs.

"I wish there were some means of punishing a woman of this character," he said. "She is as morally guilty of the death of this poor woman as it is possible to be. I only hope the neighbours will make things uncomfortable for her. Her type of woman is a curse to society."

The final verdict was "Suicide while Temporarily of Unsound Mind." It might have been truer to say, "Murdered by a Viper's Tongue."

The newspapers during the past few years have teemed with similar tragedies. A village lout, rejected by a young woman he had courted, avenged his fancied wrongs by circulating all manner of lying reports concerning her moral conduct, until the poor girl's name was a byword in the neighbourhood.

Suddenly she disappeared, and after weeks of fruitless searching her lifeless body was dragged from a secluded pond.

No law in the country could touch her traducer. There was some talk at the time of the "remorse" he must be feeling. Fudge and rubbish!

Such brutes have no heart, and no conscience. A cowhide whip they might feel, a stretch in prison they might dread, but to appeal to their better natures is like expecting from vultures the music of nightingales.

There is no legal reform more urgently necessary than a drastic alteration of the law of slander. In the first place, false accusations of misconduct should be treated as a criminal, as well as a civil, offence, that is to say, they should be punishable by imprisonment, wholly apart from any mere action for damages.

Murder by mouth

FOR most poor people, a civil lawsuit is out of the question. They have no money to instruct solicitors, or meet the preliminary costs of an action-at-law. Moreover, the foul-mouthed gossiper who blasts the reputation of a neighbour seldom has the means to satisfy the damages awarded by a civil court.

The thing is to stop his venomous tongue, not to skin his lean purse. As in the case of assault, and libel, i.e., false and injurious writing, anyone who defames another by word of mouth should be liable to prosecution in the criminal courts.

Judges would know how to fit the punishment to the crime. Coroners would not be powerless to act when people had been "murdered" by lying words.

People who talk as if the existing law were adequate must be ignorant of its limitations. They are unaware, perhaps, that an action for damages for words spoken, however false and cruel, cannot be commenced in the County Courts, where poor persons resort for the redress of minor wrongs.

Slander actions can be heard only at Assizes or by the High Court of Justice, in London. They are costly, dilatory, troublesome. Skilled legal aid is an absolute necessity. The expense alone places them wholly beyond the reach of the poor.

What is more, no action can succeed, save in exceptional cases, unless the plaintiff can prove what lawyers call "special damage"—that is to say, direct monetary injury or loss.

See the hardship resulting from this restriction. So far as men are concerned, they cannot hope for damages, unless they have been accused of crime, pointed to as the victims of contagious disease, or slandered in the course of their trade or profession—until they are prepared to prove that they have lost money through being vilified in the public ear.

Redress—out of reach

FOR example, a husband, of whom it is whispered, or shouted, that he is a secret adulterer, has no hope of redress. The evil rumour may wreck his home life, sunder him from his wife, forfeit him the respect of his children, but if he has lost no money through it, these injuries do not count.

Women stand in a better position in this respect, for, by the Slander of Women Act, 1891, both married and single women are given a special right of action, without proof of pecuniary damage, in the event of any oral imputation against their chastity or honour.

This concession, however, is of slight value to a poor village girl, perhaps earning her living as a domestic servant, who has about as much chance of launching a High Court action as of securing a private interview with the Lord High Chancellor.

In a dozen ways the voice of the slanderer may torture a woman, without assailing her reputation for virtue. It may be falsely alleged, with entire impunity as the law now stands, that she drinks immoderately, neglects or mismanages her home, or is on such terms with her husband that he seeks consolation from other women.

For such base and groundless suggestions she has no remedy, civil or criminal. The law leaves her helplessly at the mercy of any scoundrelly tongue.

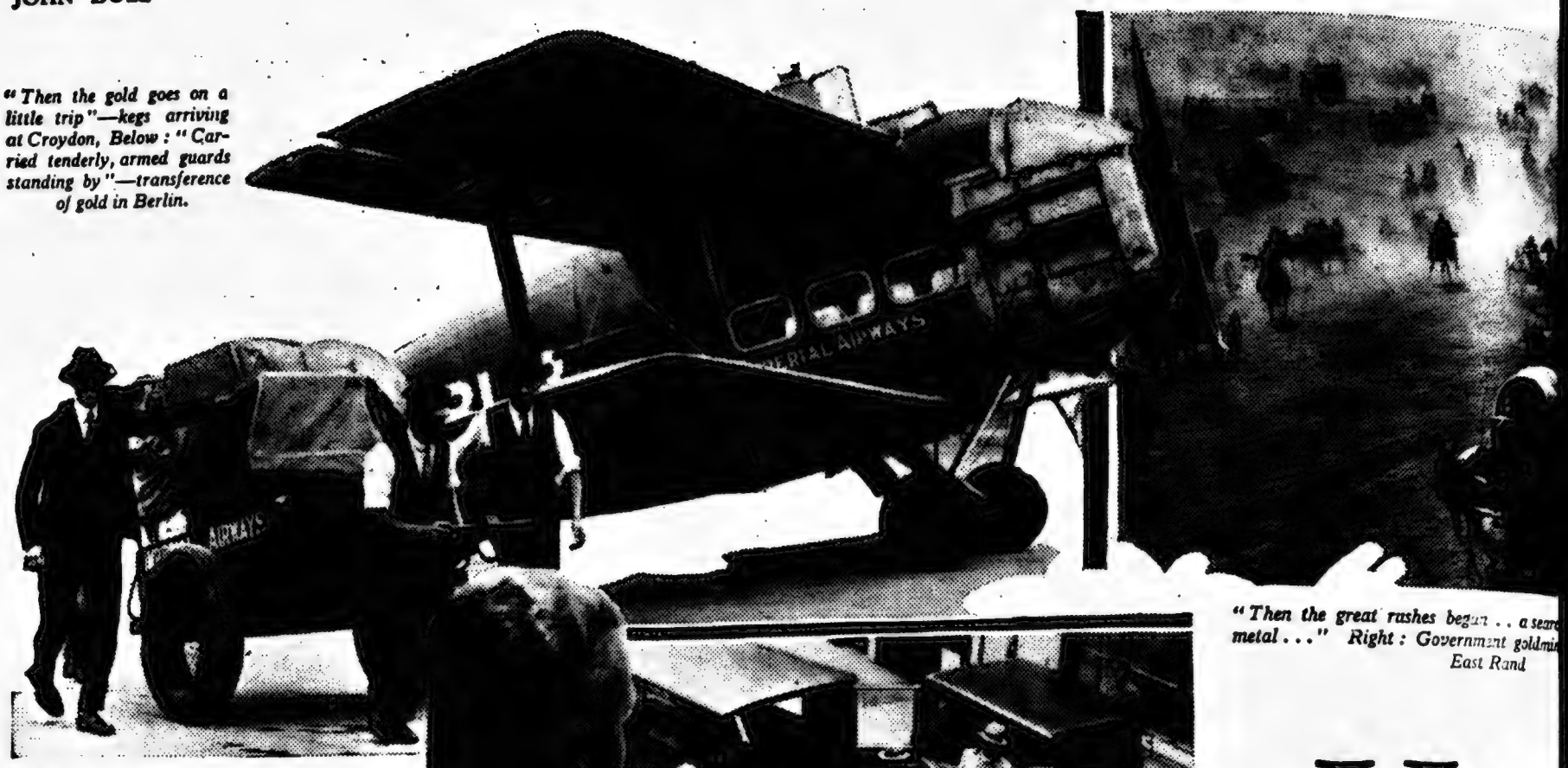
Wanted—State gags!

SIMILARLY, unless a man is accused of crime, disease, or improper professional behaviour, he may be represented as the embodiment of almost every imaginable vice, yet, before he can obtain damages, he must prove money loss.

It is an unbelievable state of affairs, at this stage of civilisation and culture.

The other day a man was sent to jail for nine months for stealing a bicycle lamp. If he had driven a man or woman to suicide, or the madhouse, by filthy lying, he could have laughed in the face of the law.

A press of greater national business occupies our legislators at the moment, but this is a reform to which they must speedily put their hands.



"Then the gold goes on a little trip"—kegs arriving at Croydon. Below: "Carried tenderly, armed guards standing by"—transference of gold in Berlin.

"Then the great rushes began . . a searc... of dull metal . . ." Right: Government goldmi... Krukpan, East Rand

HU... A... C...a

DOWN in the Wall Street district of New York is an unassuming building comparatively dwarfed in size by its neighbours—the soaring white skyscrapers which house American "big business."

The vaults of that building, which is called the Federal Reserve Bank, contain at this moment nearly £1,000 million worth of gold.

Over in Paris is another building, not so large but dirtier—the Banque de France. In its vaults is £475 millions. Over here in Threadneedle Street is the Bank of England—the "Old Lady," who has just had her face lifted and looks a little prettier than her friends in Paris and New York. In the vaults there is stored £135 million.

Between them the three chief State banks are hoarding £1,610 millions. Add Germany, Argentine, Italy, and a few others, and the total is just over £2,000 millions.

£2,000 millions idle

Now that figure, taken by itself, means very little. It is a large sum certainly, but, after all, just a row of figures.

But where it gains significance is in this. *That figure of £2,000 millions represents half the amount of gold in the world.* Since 1496, just over £4,000 millions has been wrung out of the earth, worked for, schemed for, bled for and died for.

And here the half of it lies in neat iron-bound kegs and boxes, stored in serried ranks along electric lit corridors, peopled only by soft-footed watchmen. Overhead thunders the traffic of London, Paris, New York, and down below lies all the wealth of the Indies, the burning Rand, the frozen North . . . *doing what?*

Now and then men go down into one of these corridors, take out a few of the kegs and carry them tenderly, with armed guards standing by, to waiting aeroplanes and steamers. Then the gold goes on a little trip across frontiers to another corridor, rests awhile and then comes back again—all part of the queer gold standard game played by the bankers and the money wizards.

If you ask ten different money experts to give you an exact definition of this gold standard game they have invented, you will get ten different replies.

Roughly, they will all be agreed that it is a device for controlling the flow of money, a lever for controlling the swing of prices on the basis that gold is the most stable in value of all things produced by man's labour.

But lately something has gone wrong with the game; cards which should have won a trick have lost it; the lever which should have controlled the economic machine has broken down. And so the money kings are a little bewildered; their golden idol has let them down, and they are asking helplessly what they are to do.

Many experts believe that the world-wide misery and suffering through which all mankind is now passing is merely another link in the long, murderous history of gold.

There has always been blood on the gold.

When we ceased to treat it as a pretty gleaming metal of great durability, of great worth as ornament and for use, when we began to make it the sole standard by which all things were to be judged, we began to lay up trouble for ourselves.

There have been great civilisations where gold was not used as the standard of worth. Neither Egypt nor Babylon counted gold as wealth, and they were none the worse for that.

The Chinese were the first of the highly civilised races to use gold as wealth, and it is perhaps symbolical that the earliest known gold money was cast in the form of a knife.

All our computations of the world's output of gold begin at the time of the Spanish Conquistadors—from the end of the 15th century. Man's thirsty craze search began then. Struggle and murder on the grand scale began then with the wiping out of the Incas by Pizzarro and his fellow bands of thugs with romantic names.

They dreamed visions of gold and empire and followed the dream across seas and continents, through steaming jungles and trackless ranges, enduring unheard of privations. The dream led to Peru, the land of the Incas, a gentle race.

The Incas used gold for cooking pots. *They went!*

It was after their fall that the £4,000 millions began to be built up, half of which is now in boxes under the banks of the capitals of the world.

From then to the year 1800—300 years—only about £250 millions had been painfully won.

Sacrifices, treacheries

Then in that century just starting the great gold rushes began. From then to the year 1900, £1,600 millions was added to the world's pile. Most of it in the fifty years from the rush of '49 to California, Alaska and the Klondike beaches; Australia and the Rand followed.

Maybe some future race peering into the history of those early days will find in it their greatest source of amazement and wonder.

They will marvel at the heroisms, the colossal outpourings of strength and energy; the service and sacrifice, the treacheries and betrayals which men then underwent not in pursuit of a tremendous ideal but in search of lumps of a dull metal.

Brothers killed brothers, men abandoned wives, children and homes to trek hundreds and thousands of miles over parched plains and through icebound fastnesses.

Grains of tragedy

Over the Chilcoot Pass in the 'nineties went thousands of men in an endless line through the almost impassable barriers of snow and ice on to the frozen Yukon, each man with all his means of living, and all his equipment to dig out the metal, strapped to his back.

It has been computed that of the multitude who set out less than 40 per cent. arrived at the field. The rest died on the way or were beaten by the ice barriers of the pass.

Of those who arrived less than 5 per cent. ever obtained more than a pittance in return for the incredible things they endured.

Marvellous stories grew up of tremendous finds, of pocket Eldorados which had been discovered by fortunate miners, but few of them had any strength in fact. Stories have always grown up round gold. It has always been a myth and a lure, as much to Pizzarro and his friends as to the Klondike miner and to the quiet tail-coated banker in Frankfort and London and New York.

In Victoria, Australia, four miners had worked their claim for a year, toiling, digging and sifting for the reward of a bare ounce or two. Five hundred yards away from the claim which they were dispiritedly abandoning a boy found the largest nugget the world has ever known, the "Welcome Stranger."

It lay in the road, exposed by a rut made by a passing cart, a few

Gold! The prospector examines a lump of quartz

ANITY *in* *ains of* Gold

inches below the ground level. It weighed 2,500 ounces, nearly a hundredweight and a half!

But while everywhere the search for gold has brought heartbreak and misery in its train, yet other constructive things have followed too.

Everywhere the diggers went, townships sprang up round them, and thus transport and industry came into being. Were it not for the "rushes" of the middle of last century, California would be to-day a country only of vineyards and scattered farms, and Australia a mere convict settlement.

South Africa can be fairly said to be built on gold. And most of its development has arisen from a small plot of land fifty miles long by two miles wide called the Witwatersrand, a strange formation called a banket, which is to-day the richest known goldfield on the earth.

It supplies half the gold of the world. Of the world's annual output of £82 millions of gold the Rand contributes £42 millions.

And in the mine—death

The roar of the giant stamps crushing the ore goes on endlessly day and night. The white dust from the crushed ore covers the landscape for miles around. Thousands of people have been born with the roar of the stamps in their ears as the first sound they have heard in this world.

Thousands have died with it as the last, many of them from the dreaded "miner's phthisis" caused by the tiny particles of crushed quartz. The goldfield proprietors have only recently succeeded in bringing the disease under control.

What happens to all the gold which has been turned out of the earth since the plundering, the digging and the accumulating first began?

Of the £4,000 millions output since 1496 fifty per cent. is, as we have said, hoarded in the central banks. Only a mere £110 millions, a paltry 3 per cent., is in circulation.

Another 2 per cent., or £80 millions, cannot be traced. A large proportion of it is believed to be privately hoarded. About 4 per cent., or £160,000,000, is in banks as deposits owned by individuals.

India's hoard

Of the balance, 25 per cent. is taken by industry and used for sundry purposes ranging from dental fillings to gold leaf. The rest, some 16 per cent., or about £600 million, is taken by India.

India has always been a great buyer of gold. It is used for heavy ornament for bangles and large jewellery, for beaten covers on furniture and temple doors, and finally, a large proportion of it is hoarded.

The private stocks of gold in India in the possession of potentates and wealthy merchants must easily outweigh the private deposits held in the banks of the Western world.

The output of gold from the known fields is gradually declining. The Rand has not yet reached its zenith, but by 1940 will be definitely on the down grade in production.

The alluvial fields of the Klondike and of Australia must soon come to an end altogether.

To retain the world's output at its present level of £80 millions there remains only the hope that new fields will be discovered, but as more and more of the world's surface is over-run, this hope becomes increasingly less.

There are whispers from time to time in the Bourses and the Exchanges of rich new fields earmarked for development, of rich Golcondas in Canada and new Alaskas in Africa. But they remain whispers.

Lastly, there is the gold in the sea. It is a known fact that sea water contains gold in finely divided quantities. Savants have calculated that the total amount is many million tons!

Various methods have been proposed for extracting it, and many have been tried and abandoned. The possibility remains to-day chiefly the playground of the crook company promoter and similar swindlers with get-rich-quick schemes.

There is little doubt that in the comparatively near future there will be a gold starvation because of purely natural reasons.

The money wizards tell us that there is one now, but that is artificial starvation.

They have locked up and hoarded gold in vaults and withdrawn it from circulation, as part of the gold standard game. As they have done that, money becomes scarce and prices drop, since money has to be attracted to the producer.

Strangling

Soon a level of price is reached which is no longer a profitable level for the producer. Wages come down in a desperate attempt to break even. As wages come down there is less production, since the worker can buy less. So the vicious circle proceeds.

You can see those effects in the markets of the world. Rubber, a year ago 4½d. a pound, is now under 3d.; wheat, then 7s. 2d., is now 3s. 11d.; cotton, then 6½d., is now under 4d. And so it goes on. Gold has pushed those prices down, the sheer unyielding weight of it when it remains doing nothing.

And it pushes its competitors out. Silver is now 1s. an oz. as against 6s. in 1920.

That has been caused by the action of the money kings who, by their insistence on the gold standard, have tried to drive silver out of currency. All the gold standard countries have debased their silver and thrown tons of the metal on the market.

Once silver shared with gold the responsibility for backing a nation's currency and credit. Now it does so no longer. Gold has pushed it out. Silver-using countries like India have joined in the gold rush standard, and more silver goes a-begging.

The golden mirage

The result is seen in places like China, where, since their silver currency is worth a sixth of what it was ten years ago, they can no longer buy from us.

Consequently, they start their own factories, and the unemployed textile workers of Lancashire tighten their belts and wait hopelessly for the next move.

Some of the foremost authorities in the world now say that strict adherence to the gold standard is a delusion. They say, as one of them, Sir Basil Blackett, himself a director of the Bank of England, has said, that only "the stubborn and unyielding prejudices" of a small section are keeping gold, and gold alone, as the standard of value.

It is a fact that something has gone radically wrong. Levers which were once effective now control the financial machine no longer. There is much talk of a drastic reorganisation of the machinery of money, perhaps with gold no longer as the basis.

There is that £4,000 millions won with so much blood and pain. If it is true, what these experts say, that its very inertia is the cause of the present world woes, how will they lift it?

How will they remove this dead weight of gold which is choking all man's efforts and strangling all his aspirations to build up and improve the world as his dwelling place.

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BED and

A. M. Burrage

THE author of "Poor Dear Esme" "The Smokes of Spring" and "Courtland's Crime" tells a poignant story of a scarred war hero's magnificent gesture

I LIKED Starkson from the beginning, from the first moment when I walked into the Lakeside Inn and asked if he could put me up. He was very civil without being servile.

I knew from the first word he uttered that he was a man with a wasted education. Thousands of men of his type are keeping or managing inns to-day. We've got to thank the war for it.

His face was badly scarred, but something in the man's spirit kept it pleasant to behold. When he smiled in telling me that he hoped he'd be able to make me comfortable, I knew that I had met a "good scout" and hoped that I was going to make a friend.

His age was difficult to guess from that wreck of a face, but his manner was youthful, and his hair was glossy and thick without a tinge of grey. He was in the middle thirties as, later, I was able to deduce.

I was a bachelor of the same age and my only vice was fishing.

That was what brought me to his house. The lake which began on the other side of the road and ended close to the horizon was celebrated for its pike. If the pike gave me any sport I intended to remain there some days.

Starkson and I took to each other. He soon seemed to me one of the best fellows in the world. He could handle all classes of customers with geniality and tact. The three girls, Molly, Annie and Betty who were barmaids and general servants, were all happy good sorts.

Under the sun of Starkson's smile the place ran like a clock. If any taproom customer had to be ejected on a Saturday night, Starkson threw him out as gently as possible, but with precision, and urged him politely from the doorway not to be a silly ass any more. It was a happy and comfortable house for any nomad like myself.

TALKING to Starkson, I got to know a little about him. Apparently, he was the son of one of those minor country gentlemen who live in comfort and idleness in "converted" cottages and farm-houses and leave next to nothing when they die.

Starkson had gone straight from school into the army when the war broke out. He had been wounded twice, and the second wound had made a mess of his face. His father had died exactly two hours before the Armistice was signed.

Starkson had left the hospital and the army simultaneously, to find himself with a small pension and a small capital, untrained for any profession or specialised work.

"So I took a pub," he explained simply. "Thank heaven I didn't go poultry farming."

He was doing pretty well, I think. Everybody liked him, including the Bad Hats whom he occasionally threw as gently as possible into the road. I wondered why he hadn't got married, and it wasn't until later that he answered the riddle for me.

There was rather a commotion one night. A Mr. and Mrs. Antley arrived, very voluble, laughing, but slightly annoyed with Fate.

They were on their way to a house party and their car had broken down. It was in Smith's garage, two doors away, and it wouldn't be ready until ten o'clock on the following morning. Could they have a room for the night?

I crossed the passage while Starkson was interviewing them. He was all smiles and nods. I didn't know until a little later how magnificent in the circumstances his conduct must have been.

The strangers seemed to be nice people. Their voices rang true and they gave the impression of cheerfully making the best of a bad job. The man seemed to be of about Starkson's age and mine, the woman a year or two younger.

They were accommodated with a couple of "nightcaps" and a room, to which they vanished. It was then close on ten. Starkson re-entered the bar and, rather to my surprise, helped himself to a very stiff brandy before reminding the loiterers that it was close on time and that they had homes and wives and families and other griefs. I was in the bar when the doors shut. Starkson began to turn out the lights.

"No washing-up to-night," he said. "The girls can do that to-morrow. They're off now at a dance at the village hall. Won't be back until about one after they've said good-night to their best boys. I've promised them they can lie in late to-morrow and I'll do the breakfasts. That's why I want you to do me a favour. Will you?"

"But of course."

"It's something I oughtn't to ask you. Something rather menial."

"My dear chap," I answered, laughing, "give me the bucket and the swab."

"I'll explain to you what I mean," said Starkson without smiling, "if you don't mind coming into the office. By the way, I've some of my father's port there. I keep it for special occasions."

"Give me two buckets and two swabs," I said.

A MINUTE or so later we were sitting in the office on either side of a good fire, I in one of those deceptive armchairs which receive you like water and then buoy you up when you think you've sunk for good.

Starkson filled two wine glasses and we toasted each other according to one of the approved rituals.

"You saw those people, the Antleys, who arrived to-night?" he began suddenly. "They'll be going early to-morrow and I'll take good care that they don't hear my name mentioned by any of the staff. But do you think they're likely to look at the top of the front door as they go out and see that B. J. W. Starkson is licensed to sell beer, wine, spirits and tobacco?"

"I shouldn't think so," I said.

"Because," he continued, "it would be a bit awkward for all of us if they did. You see, I know them but they don't know me."

"I don't understand," I confessed.

He touched his damaged face.

"Alterations and repairs," he said. "Nobody who knew me in the old days could possibly recognise me now."

"Oh, I see," I said lamely.

"I don't think you do—yet. Antley was rather a pal of mine at school and he came from only five miles away from the village where I lived. Mrs. Antley lived in the village. She was the vicar's daughter. I was once engaged to her."

"Good Lord."

"I'D better explain to you. Then you'll understand why I'm going to make an extraordinary request. I was practically brought up with Phyllis—that's Mrs. Antley—and she's about two years younger than I.

"Our parents were friends. We all belonged to the clique in one of those woollen-headed villages which are so ridiculous to people who have knocked about in the world.

"You know the sort of thing. If a stranger arrived the little big-wigs sniffed around him cautiously like dogs, found out where he went to school, how he was getting his money, whether he was what we called 'well-connected,' and all the rest of it.

"It's a funny life, that village-gentry life. Somebody ought to write a comic book about it. There were the people you called on and the people you only called on when you wanted something.

"The vicar is always there, bang in

BREAKFAST

A Real Life Story by A. M. BURRAGE

"I didn't know until a little later how magnificent his conduct must have been"

he social centre, even if he's been ducated by charity and his father's ame was never divulged to his unedded mother.

"Well, we were in the clique all ght. There's a peerage in my family, nd when it was discovered that my ather was second or third cousin to n earl—I really forget which—we beame one of the family, so to speak. ll the old maids, who were attended casionally by charwomen and were he neices of long-defunct baronets, ccepted us. In a word, we were in he clique.

"I don't pretend that this was a hild romance. What boy in his 'teens ves a girl two years younger than imself? Phyllis and I were thrown gether, and we just didn't dislike ch other as kids. That's all I can y.

"She was still at school when the war broke out. I'd left and was going up to Oxford in ctober. Then, as you will remember, ings happened. In about three weeks found myself promoted from a housefect at school to a second lieutenant the British Army.

"I didn't go out for more than a ar and came home regularly on ave. Phyllis seemed to me to be owing up, but I didn't achieve for r more than a brotherly love. She as the last girl that I dreamed I ould fall in love with.

"Well, I went out and got a cushy ound. I got hit in the shoulder, and got me plenty of leave when I was ck. I suppose there was a glamour r girls about men who had been hit that filth which is called War and re going back to it again.

"Anyhow, she suddenly showed me at she liked me, and when she owed me that I suddenly realised at she was the only girl in the world. here are one-man dogs and there e one-woman men. I shall never re for another woman.

"I didn't know how to make love to r, because I knew her so well. We ayed together like a couple of kids, hich is what we were. There was a ing in her orchard, and I was swing- her one hot afternoon, and she fell .

"I thought she was hurt and naturly ran to her and picked her up. e said she wasn't, but I found her in my arms and found myself kissing her. And then I found her kissing me, and in a sudden second we both knew that, in spite of the war, God had made a very lovely world.

"I don't know how long we stood there in the orchard. I remember how we ran back into the house and told her parents. We were going to be married, of course.

"They were delighted. The vicar's eyes moistened when he said that this was what he had always hoped would happen. My people were pleased, too. The course of true love ran smoothly so far. And we were both such kids.

"But the war dragged on and they sent me out again. She came and saw me off at Victoria in morning twilight.

"We ought to have thrown all things to the winds and hugged each other, but I was an officer and the men were there. We'd had our farewell before, and it was a very formal leave-taking. I daresay she cried, though, before she got as far as a taxi-cab. I had a newspaper and stuck my head behind that.

"Well, I stopped one at Cambrai. Or, rather, I didn't stop it because it went through. It must have been a jagged bit of shell casing. I found myself suddenly without much face.

"One of my eyes is the gift of a grateful country. I came home again, my face all bandages, and they wouldn't let me see a mirror for a long time.

"Every man who was wounded in the war has cursed Authority for not sending him to a hospital within easy reach of his own home and friends. There was wisdom in it.

"I WENT to London, but I was within easy reach of Phyllis, who used to come and see me. There I lay, my face a mass of bandages, and my one available eye looking out.

"She thought my face was just the same under the bandages. I tried to tell her, but she only hugged me and kissed me gently in a place where she could see it wouldn't hurt—over the one available eye, and said that she'd love me all the better for a scar or two. Poor kid! Poor kid!

"I think they took the bandages off too soon, before they did some landscape gardening with my face. It's wonderful what the surgeons can do. Most of my nose is made of wax, and you wouldn't guess that my left eye is practically Government property.

"She saw me when I wasn't fit to be seen. No open wounds or anything of that sort, to be sure, but just a wreck of a face.

"I can't blame her, poor darling. I'm no oil painting now, but I'm Adonis compared with what I must have been then. They built me a new face afterwards, but it wasn't the face she knew, and that's why she doesn't know me now.

"She went away with the sight of that frightful face of mine stamped on her memory like some head upon a coin. She was only a kid. She thought I was going to look like it always.

"I had a letter from her. I know what it cost her to write it because the ink was all blurred, and I knew who had cried over that ink. I cried over it, too, out of the one eye I had left.

"I saw how reasonable it was. How could I expect her to marry a face like mine? I wrote to her as nice a letter as I could compose, and it took me three hours.

"Difficult letters, these! You mustn't insult the girl by saying you don't care, and you mustn't worry her by saying how much you really do care. I tried to write the right sort of letter. I suppose I bungled it. But I haven't seen her since until this evening.

"Well, Antley's an awfully good sort. She's got a decent husband, anyhow. Only, you know, the whole thing—well, it does just hurt a bit. Rather bad luck that they should come here."

"Beastly bad luck," I agreed casually. I did not think that I ought to appear as emotional as I felt. "But you want me to do something for you. What is it?"

"WELL, I'm cooking the breakfast to-morrow morning. The girls won't be about. I've let 'em off first parade, so to speak. And those two want their breakfast in bed and I shall have to take it up."

He spoke quite calmly, and it was I who uttered the violent oath.

"Oh," said Starkson, "I can see you understand. It will come a bit hard if I have to carry that tray up to them. I wonder if you would be a great sportsman and do it for me? It only means lumping it on the floor outside, banging on the door and shouting 'Breakfast!'

"Shouldn't ask a guest to do a job like that, but they won't know, and there's nobody else I can ask. I can stand quite a good deal, but somehow . . . taking up that tray to them . . . I don't know . . . I'm a one-woman man."

"Of course I'll do it for you," I said, and suddenly found that I wanted to snivel. "My dear chap," I added, and it was all that I could find to say.

"Talking about the West Indies," said Starkson suddenly, "and the price of starch, and the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, what about having some more port?"

He had a little too much and dozed and dreamed. I know what came into his dreams. There was a girl and an orchard and a swing and a boy officer and first-and-only-love. But he was up first thing in the morning and cooked the breakfasts.

I took the Antleys their tray. Thank heaven I was able to save him that!

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by Walter McLeod

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CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. You cannot possibly heal that wound by the usual methods. You cannot heal it with Ointment, and you cannot heal it with Lotion. You cannot heal it with bathing. You cannot heal it with Medicine. It will only get larger and more painful until you are crippled. You probably know this from experience. There is a reason. All the stuff in the chemist shops will not avail. There is not a drug in the British Pharmacopœia which will of itself cure a Varicose Ulcer. Doctors know this to be true. Your leg requires more than drugs. It requires experience, skill, and knowledge. There is, however, one way in which you surely can heal that wound. Write for the Book and find out for yourself. It is free to you.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? A swollen leg indicates the development of a Varicose Leg, the coming of painful ulcers, the day and night torture of white leg, the swelling means overcharged blood vessels and lymphatics, which will soon be at bursting point. In short, a very BAD LEG. What will cure your swollen leg? What will take away those unsightly, swollen ankles? Not resting in bed—you know that. When you get up from bed and go about, the swelling comes back again, does it not? The vessels of your leg are clogged, overcharged, stretched at high tension. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. Not by rubbing them, not by resting in bed. Not by applying Lotion. No. You must get at the root cause. You must remove the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES: What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and the shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. The itching, irritation, burning and smarting and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. See below and sign the coupon and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.—There comes a time when Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by an operation, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. Delay and neglect with increasing tensions in the vessels will so stretch the vein walls that the veins lose all elasticity. They will become like an overstretched and slack piece of ruined elastic. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, or PSORIASIS LEGS, or VARICOSE VEINS write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Fill in the Coupon and post to-day and your letter will have my immediate attention.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward B.L., 203, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON. Ward B.L.
ADDRESS.—National College, 203, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

State Complaint .....

From a CANARY TO A COW

Quite comfortable—this Irish wolfhound had a leg amputated

A PROFESSION that is not overcrowded! This would seem to be a rarity indeed, in these days. But it is true of veterinary surgeons, who have been meeting this week in annual conference, at Norwich, under the auspices of the National Veterinary Medical Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

Here are gathered several hundreds of them to discuss questions relating to their science. They represent some 3,500 qualified veterinary practitioners in this country.

The idea that motor-cars would lessen the opportunities of a veterinary career actually led to substantial reductions in the numbers of intending students entering the colleges, thus causing an actual shortage.

To-day, many "vets" who want a holiday cannot find qualified men to carry on their work.

It is no easy matter to become a veterinary surgeon. The entrance examination is the same as that for which medical students must qualify, and the course of study is somewhat similar.

Your health too

The governing body of the profession is the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, without whose diploma no person can attain recognised professional status. Professional training now occupies four years, but from next year it will be extended to five.

There are five veterinary schools, in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin.

In earlier days nearly all the young men who entered the profession were the sons of farmers or country squires; but now increasing numbers of town-bred youths are attracted.

It is curious how little is known about the "vets"; and yet we are becoming more and more dependent upon their services for the maintenance of public health.

The advance of science has brought home to us that the diseases of animals have a direct effect upon our own health. Take, for example, the case of anthrax; or of tuberculosis in cows. The purity of our milk supply depends largely upon the care and vigilance of the veterinary surgeon.

When we think of the "vet" we usually think of the country practitioner; and these are still in the majority.

They are a hard-working but healthy body of men, the country "vets." Theirs is an open-air life, on the whole; and they are enthusiastic participants in all forms of country sport.

The country veterinary's day begins at 8 a.m., when he starts out on his series of visits to four-footed patients. And they are not all four-footed, either, for some are winged and feathered. Research into the diseases of poultry has progressed far in recent years, and fowls or ducks are often among the doctor's clients.

Can't tell doctor

Of course, our country "vet" must have a car, for there is much ground to cover in a day's round.

There is variety enough, too; and the "vet" is a welcome figure in households of all types, rich or poor. If his first patient, in the morning, is a labourer's pig, his next may be a duke's hunter.

He will probably manage, with luck, to get home to lunch; then he starts out again on his round, and he is seldom through before 7 o'clock in the evening. During the day he has visited from twenty to thirty cases.

Even then he is not finished, for he must make up medicines in his surgery. And he may be called up at any time in the night, if a case has taken a turn for the worse; or, as often happens, for a case of animal midwifery: a cow is calving or a mare foaling.

During his day he may perform several intricate surgical operations, just as difficult as those which a doctor performs upon a human being, and more difficult to diagnose, for the patient cannot tell the doctor his symptoms.

Then, again, animal operations—except in the case of smaller animals, perhaps—must be performed on the spot, in the stable or barn. There are no hospital facilities here, and the country veterinary must be quick to improvise all kinds of gadgets and contraptions.

Sheep, cows, dogs, horses, poultry—all come within his practice. And sometimes he has some curious cases to treat. Upon one occasion, for instance, a veterinary surgeon was called by 'phone by a frenzied farmer to come at once to attend his prize Jersey cow.

Cow's queer tastes

When he arrived he found that the animal had actually swallowed an umbrella! Not with the cover on, it is true; but a perfectly good stick and frame—closed, of course. It had to be removed in a hurry from the priceless beast. Cows have quite a habit of swallowing "foreign substances."

While the country "vet's" patients are mostly of the more solid working type—cart-horses, cattle, and so on—the town veterinary has among his patients a large number of pets.

Very often, the town "vet" has his own animal hospital, where he performs his operations under the very best conditions, and where his patients may stay, if necessary, until convalescent, under the care of skilled attendants—they don't call them nurses—yet. Although he also visits, most of his patients are brought to him.

And what an extraordinary range of patients the town "vet" has!

Dogs and cats, of course; pet guinea-pigs and rabbits, too. Pet monkeys and marmosets are by no means unknown as nervous, chattering invalids escorted by their anxious owners.

Pet snakes have been brought to the vet's surgery—"he has been looking run down lately," one distressed schoolboy owner said.

And, not long ago, a pet tortoise was brought to the London Royal Veterinary College for treatment!

Veterinary surgeons are attached solely to one big firm which uses a large number of horses. Such a man will be put in full charge of the stables both as health officer and manager.

Track beauties

Greyhounds are another profitable source of practice to the veterinary surgeon. The racing greyhound is a delicately poised, highly strung creature, and is often a little "off colour." The Greyhound Racing Club has made it a rule that a veterinary surgeon must be employed on all licensed tracks and must be present during the racing in case of injuries to the dogs.

A great responsibility attaches to the position of a veterinary in charge of the health of a large kennel. With two or three hundred dogs, kennelled together, one must be always on guard against an epidemic.

A new feature in the profession is the entry of women practitioners, the number of whom has been increasing of late. Their practice lies chiefly in the towns, and their patients are usually domestic pets. The large number of women engaged in dog breeding and in poultry farming is also a strong factor in inducing many of them to study veterinary work.

This fine body of men and women, the trained veterinaries, are carrying on a work of real value to the community.

And in genuine cases of need, the poor man's pet will get the vet.'s care or advice free of charge. They are always ready to help with their science, any animal—"from a canary to a cow."

Where is THE FINE WEATHER?

—"In heaven and on the dial of a boarding-house barometer," says a joke in JOHN BULL'S *Summer Holiday Annual*. Who cares, when every page of this jolly book conspires to drive away the blues? Tales such as "The Truth about Ethelred," "8 o'clock in the Parc Leopold," etc., together with the many jokes will cause a riot of laughter and fill you up with the really cheerful spirit. Bask in the sunshine of happy smiles for sixpence.

Set to do too much —"R. M. Tisdall is admittedly a great athlete"

A GRAVE *Sports* Blunder

TWELVE months from to-day the newspapers of the world will be full of scare stories carrying heavy headlines—"British Athletes Beaten Again!"

In Britain leader writers will gravely discuss our decadence as a nation, and the world—particularly the Continent and America—will gleefully quote their doleful phrases.

The great Olympic Games at Los Angeles will be over and Britain will again be down near the bottom of the list of competing nations. Our already tottering athletic prestige will have received another kick.

This is not a prophecy but a cold certainty. It follows that we have to consider quite calmly as a nation whether we should permit an ill-equipped team to compete in this world event or whether we should set about making a thorough job of it.

For, make no mistake, the other nations do not understand—and never will understand—our characteristic amateur attitude of playing a game for its own sake and not necessarily to win.

And it must be as clearly understood that those other nations look upon the prowess of their athletes as a definite advertising point in world prestige. They have their Ministries of Sport and in some cases they budget for the Olympic Games, just as Philip Snowden does for Public Works.

Letting it slide

Must we be fools for ever and ignore the tactics of our competitors? Or must we say quite frankly to the other nations: "Your notion of sport is not our notion. We shall not take any further part in the Olympic Games"? *Even then the world would laugh and call us quitters!*

Unhappily the British Olympic Council is committed to the sending of a team to compete at Los Angeles on dates between July 30 and August 14, 1932.

Plenty of time, some will say, to get ready for next year. But this is emphatically *not so.* Had Britain been serious in her intention, the selection and training of young athletes should have been pushed forward intensely this summer.

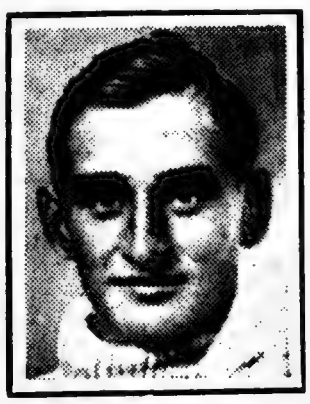
While every other nation has been preparing, we fail to notice any parallel effort in this country.

In Scotland, at the moment, so little is thought of the way in which athletes are governed in England that there is a strong desire that in future the Scots shall have their own separate representation in the Olympiads.

During the last two or three years, thanks to the Achilles Club, athletics in England has had a great revival. Where sixpences used to be counted at the gate, they now reckon in pounds, so splendid has been the response to the Achilles crusade.

Going one better

Yet, with poverty no longer an excuse for our weak representation at Olympiads, it is a fact that Great Britain has not a 50 to 1 chance of scoring the majority of points at Los Angeles. We have only an even-money chance of winning one solitary athletic event among many, although, admittedly, the odds against us in a few events will not be tremendous.



"Lord Burghley may just win the long distance hurdles"

And it so happens that while we have one of the best 1,500 metres runners for very many years in R. H. Thomas, of the Air Force, France has a better in Jules Ladoumegue. Only a little better — but that is enough if both run up to their best form. Good luck to France—but what then?

If Lord Burghley is in the team we may just win the long-distance hurdles. Burghley was beaten in this event in the recent national championships. Further, he is approaching the end of his racing career, and he cannot be expected to keep on beating younger men.

Also we have every justification in expecting that Lieut. Rampling will cause the Union Jack to be hoisted for a British victory in the 400 metres—probably the only clear-cut victory in the Games.

Now the British Olympic Council can take no credit for the obvious excellence of Thomas and Rampling. It is possible, indeed, that neither would have been the runners they are but for Army athletics. It is also possible that the Army Council will not even allow them to go to Los Angeles!

Before the last Olympiad there was some attempt to consolidate centres where coaches would give the youth of the country their own ideas and see these were developed.

We have never heard actually what happened to this scheme. Not lack of funds, surely? The only excuse put forward that we can entertain is that young athletes would not take the trouble to avail themselves of the offer. This it is difficult to believe.

In France it has been different. This summer their coaches have been busy, and, we believe, with considerable success. Even such a great sprinter as Charlie Paddock has been passing on his knowledge to the new generation. We know of no such parallel here.

There also has been no lack of the necessary funds for tuition for Olympic purposes on the Continent, however poverty stricken some of the nations are for other purposes.

Bad old policy

Again the British Olympic Council has made no pronouncement on the important subject of specialisation—the greatest asset of any other national Olympic team. We still apparently have a passion for the all-rounder, or the man who can take part in two events at least.

The other day R. M. Tisdall, admittedly a great athlete, competed in four events for Oxford and Cambridge against Yale and Harvard, and did not win one of them. No one who understands was at all surprised. Had he specialised on one, or even two, he might have won.

Specialisation is essential in modern athletics. Americans knew this years ago, and the Continent has copied them.

Our prospects are bad enough without our men falling between two stools, but let us see how bad.

In the field events—throwing the hammer, the discus, putting the weight, etc.—we shall be either unrepresented or overwhelmed. The other nations enter trained exponents and fight sternly for the points to be won from these events. We have not moved for thirty years.

It is not that there are no big men in England—to say nothing of Scotland and Ireland — who could beat the world at these games. We know there are. We know they *are* the best if they are selected and trained.

Then in distance running, when not so many years ago we could beat the world, at Los Angeles, Nurmi and the other Finns will have a monopoly. Shades of Alfred Shrubb!—the great English world-beater who discovered his powers as postman.

It would seem unsporting to suggest that Britain should send no men to compete in events we know we cannot win.

Yet would it not be better, seeing that we are destined for a minority of firsts, to let these be won by an expert combination?

Every other nation has a point-collecting team—except ours.

The world is already smiling tolerantly at these mad British sportsmen.

Sooner than you think the smile will turn to contempt!

A Lovely ART CREPE SCARF Free!

to purchasers of REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

WE will send a lovely art crepe scarf to every purchaser of a 2/6 packet of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' If application reaches us by September 30th, 1931—two 1/6 purchases will be accepted as equal to one 2/6. Just get the 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' from your chemist, then send the yellow wrapper (or wrappers) to Saltrates, Dept. Y.3, 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, with your name and address and we will send you free a lovely scarf because we want you to recommend 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to your friends. This offer applies only to United Kingdom and only one scarf can be sent to each applicant.

NO MORE TENDER, ACHING FEET

If you are troubled with **corns, callouses foot soreness or tiredness,** put your painful, weary feet into a 'Reudel Saltrates' foot-bath. Instantly the oxygenated water carries relief right into the pores and down to the roots of even the most troublesome corn. 'Reudel Bath Saltratres' was the first preparation for oxygenating water and is still unequalled for giving *real and lasting foot comfort.*

'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is in a YELLOW package—see you get it!

EAT A HEARTY MEAL —AND ENJOY IT!

Why not? All that pain and flatulence you get after eating a good meal is simply the result of harmful acid at work in the stomach. It creates a state of fermentation which will continue to exist only so long as you allow it to. You can get rid of the acid, fermentation and discomfort at once by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which costs but 1s. 3d. a package. Thousands who suffered for years from such troubles as indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and acidity and could find no relief, have taken 'Bisurated' Magnesia on medical advice, and have found their troubles go instantly, to return no more. Such cases are not isolated or unusual ones, for 'Bisurated' Magnesia succeeds in practically every instance.

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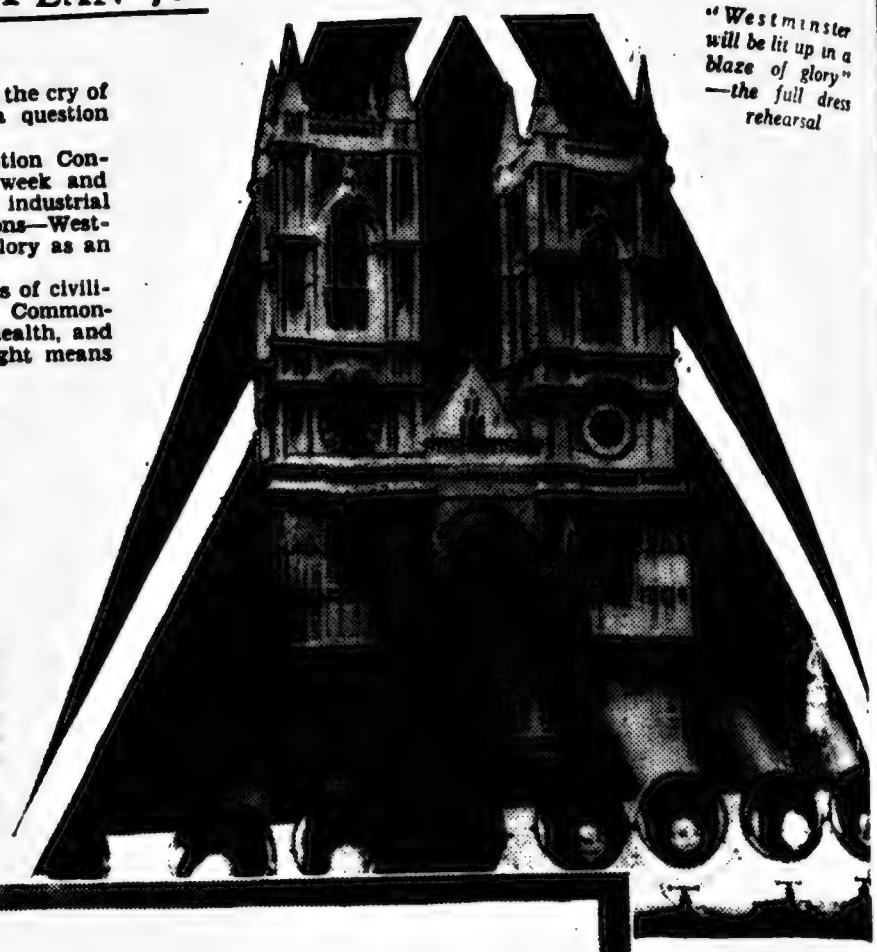

"Westminster will be lit up in a blaze of glory"—the full dress rehearsal

LIGHT!—and still more light—is the cry of modernity. It has become a question of world-wide importance.

The International Illumination Congress meets in London next week and the delegates will visit many large industrial centres. There will be demonstrations—Westminster will be lit up in a blaze of glory as an example.

Gloom has been one of the worst foes of civilisation, but it is being beaten back. Commonsense urges that light means better health, and expediency in industry shouts that light means greater efficiency.

The day of the dingy office, the foul basement and the alley which the sun never reaches is passing far quicker than most of us realise.

Man is lighting his own darkness. And he is doing it scientifically. Light is being made a prime consideration in most of the buildings now erected—has been, in fact, for some years.

THOUSANDS of square feet of immensely valuable property were sacrificed in the erection of buildings like Lloyds in the crowded area of Fenchurch Street, London, the Underground Building, and in scores of large blocks going up all over the country.

Light wells of open space, usually lined with glazed bricks that reflect into the interior, make artificial illumination unnecessary on a fine day.

The firms who foot the bill, in conjunction with their architects, seldom fail to profit by the advice of experts on this question, more especially as these illumination experts work for a Government department unconnected with any private enterprise.

For the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has been making exhaustive tests to discover the ideal lighting system and how best to obtain it.

It was found, after testing classes of compositors setting up type and clerks doing sorting work with slips in small print, that a certain definite candle power was necessary to produce the maximum output.

Of the various forms of illumination used, artificial light obtained the best results, and was preferred by the workers concerned.

The difficulty is that on a dull day the light in a room is never evenly dispersed. An article of furniture or the colour of the walls may make all the difference.

SO experiments were undertaken by a jury of seven experts who each drew what he considered the line of demarcation in a room with one window. The idea was to discover just how far the natural light penetrated to allow of a maximum of efficiency in working at a fine occupation.

The results have proved highly useful to architects—and the community—in the erection of subsequent buildings.

Many of the more elaborate offices are now fitted entirely with daylight lamps—in other words, the artificial daylight. This comes near to the ideal, being designed to give an even distribution of the waves as in ordinary sunlight.

The result is more beneficial to the eyes than the usual type of electric light, and may be universally used.

It should be remembered in any case that even the normal artificial lighting of to-day is four times as powerful as the light to which our grandfathers were accustomed.

But interior lighting is not everything.

For years now experts have been trying to purify the air in populous districts, thus admitting the ultra violet, together with the other rays of the sun, which have to filter through the hundred to three hundred tons of soot that hover over these areas during every twelve months.

Many large towns lose 50 per cent. of ultra violet through this cause. In the months of November and December Sheffield, for one, gets no ultra violet at all.

It was estimated that the laundry bill for the whole of Manchester would come to a quarter of a million pounds a year less if the air were as pure as that of the country.

The cost of damage done to buildings by air pollution in the last quarter of a century amounts to nearly sixty million pounds.

Add to this the damage to mankind in tubercular disease, the corrosion of metal and the destruction and stunting of vegetation, and you have a pretty stiff national bill to foot.

Until smokeless fuel in open grates is available for all, the smoke nuisance will continue, but so far as factories are concerned its abolition is now in sight, thanks to the local authorities and the willingness of the industrialists to work in with them.

WILL science ever be able to give us sunshine to order?

The question of clouds still remains and is likely to remain for generations to come. In the opinion of scientists weather control on a large scale is a practical impossibility.

America has tried it by dropping sand from aeroplanes upon clouds over a given area, with the object of causing the moisture to condense round the sand, thus dispersing the cloud.

The sun broke through momentarily, but it was found that before the first cloud had been thoroughly dispersed another appeared on the horizon. The job proved too stupendous to tackle with real effect.

But indoors great things can be and are being done to give more light, while outdoors at night the illumination of inhabited places and lonely stretches of road demands greater attention.

Slaying the PRINCE of DARKNESS

Race with "Silver Ring" GATWICK "Goods"

I DISLIKE passing over old friends, but sometimes the official handicapper makes it imperative.

The old friend in this case is our 10 to 1 Goodwood winner, Welsh Dame, whose name figures in the Sutton Handicap, one of Gatwick's big attractions this week-end.

Welsh Dame is a safe each-way wager, but it will not surprise me to see Land O' Burns come up at a nice price. The book of form is no recommendation for the son of Buchan, but his weight is tempting, and he wins one race a season.

Pahokee, very unlucky last time out, may take the Moderate Plate, and I suggest Anna for the County Handicap.

The nursery campaign arrives with September and I hope to put up some long-shots in the Code. In the meantime do not miss Brancaster and Gala Parade first time out in these juvenile handicaps. A Newmarket watcher tells me that both will win.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 27, to Wednesday, September 2.

P V B X E F J O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I Z S U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

CUV97M98Y would read PORTLAW.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

D98YDI2 would read BAWBEE.

"SILVER RING."

D 190

10/- PRIZES FOR LIMERICK LAST LINES

FIRST PRIZE £50

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £10
3rd PRIZE £5
4th PRIZE £2
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
500 ELECTRO-PLATED CHEESE HOLDERS

There was a young fellow of Rye
Who, of girls, was most terribly shy:
When he tried to propose
The words always froze

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7).
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, September 11, 1931.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The *English* CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire. 6, 8, or 12 portions, 1/4½.

LAZY summer hours with "Ole Man River" . . . and Beech-Nut Chewing Gum to add to your enjoyment.
For Beech-Nut is the very finest Chewing Gum made. Manufactured from the choicest ingredients in one of Britain's model factories, Beech-Nut brings you the cool, *lasting* refreshment of *delicious peppermint.*
Doctors and dentists advise chewing Beech-Nut regularly because it helps to keep teeth white and sound, sweetens the breath and aids digestion.
Many leading athletes endorse it for its refreshing, nerve-steadying qualities.
You should try a penny packet to-day!

PER 1D PACKET

On sale at shops and automatic machines everywhere.

BEECH-NUT CHEWING GUM

THE COOL FLAVOUR OF PEPPERMINT

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2, 3 & 18.

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Mouth Healthily Clean
Breath Naturally Sweet

Send the coupon and you get FREE a week's supply of

At no cost to you!

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

(a big tube can be had for 1s. 3d. at your chemist)

Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Use it night and morning. Sweet breath and a clean mouth will reward you.

COUPON—To Euthymol, Dept. 67 K, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1. Free of all charge please send a week's Sample Tube of Euthymol.

Name .....

Address .....

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(Block letters please)

WOBURN

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN in MEN'S SHOES!

REDUCED FROM 13/9 to 9/9

Derby or Oxford

SHOE

SENT FOR **1/-** DEPOSIT

This is a remarkable offer in Men's Footwear. These Shoes are honestly worth 13/9, but for one month we are offering them at 9/9 as an inducement to readers. They are strong and durable, and are just the type of Shoe for present wear.

MB.40 is in Oxford style, with closed front (*see* illustration), in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

MB.41 is in Derby style, with open front and medium toe. Can be had in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

(In ordering, please say which style required and whether Black or Tan.)

We will send you a pair of these Shoes at once, on approval, for a deposit of 1/- only (see Coupon). If you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the Shoes, unworn, and your money will be immediately refunded.

Why not send Coupon NOW and save money?

SIZES: 6 to 11.

BARGAIN COUPON—MEN'S SHOES. Please send me, on approval, at this week's Bargain price of 9/9, one pair Shoes.

Size required.....

Description.....

Black or Tan.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH NAME AND FULL ADDRESS AND POSTAL ORDER CROSSED THUS / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

"John Bull," 29/8/31. No. 609.

Post your order to—

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 609, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

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MORE THAN ANY OTHER PART OF YOUR CLOTHING should contain the best quality material and workmanship which only the PEXWEAR factory can produce and have produced for over 100 years. Whatever your trade there is an overall to meet your requirements, each one carrying the PEX-WEAR GUARANTEE.
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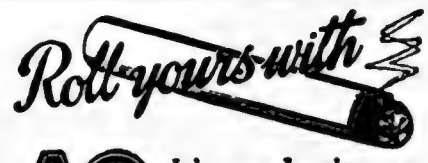

AG PAPER

It's *much* cheaper and you get *better* cigarettes rolled in A.G.

There are good reasons.

The HONEST Crook

is Hungry—must he Return to the Thieves' Kitchen?

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your problem through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

SOME time ago I was fool enough to get mixed up with a gang of long firm swindlers, and as a result got into the hands of the police.

At the trial, my previous good character helped me, and it was considered that I had been overruled by others. So I was sentenced to a light term of imprisonment.

Still, the horrible disgrace was there. In my cell I had time for bitter reflection and realisation of the trouble I had brought upon my innocent wife and children. In my depression I actually read the one book provided for prisoners which all old lags will know. It is called "The Narrow Way." I read listlessly until suddenly one sentence stood out before me in letters of fire. "*A companion of fools shall be destroyed.*"

Then and there I registered a vow before God that never again would I willingly companion with fools, but be the result what it might I would earn my living honestly or not at all.

The sentence completed, I found any number of my old pals anxious to "stand treat" when I reached the open air, but I quietly and resolutely refused them all. I was laughed at and scorned.

At length one man, who had always been my friend, got me alone. He asked, "What's bitten you, kid?"

I told him I'd done with the crooked game and was determined for the rest of my life to go on the straight. "Moreover," I told him, "I've been fortunate enough to get a job, not much of a one, but still a beginning, and from now on I intend to *earn* my bread."

He looked at me queerly and laughed. "Well," he said, "mind you don't lose your fine job, that's all."

His words struck cold at my heart because they held a threat. Every day I went to my work in a state of suspense, and at last at the end of a fortnight, the blow fell.

On pay-day my employer said, "I'm sorry, but we are having the department reorganised and I am afraid, after next week, that your services will not be required."

He was slightly confused and did not look at me.

But he had no need to explain. The information had been quietly conveyed to him that "I was an ex-thief and no good."

It is astonishing, since I lost my job, how often I keep meeting old pals who tell me I'm a fool.

Once a thief always a thief, according to the judgment of the world, is their belief, and since every man's hand is against you, why not grab what you can how you can?

Yet against all this rises up the gleam of light I seemed to get in the loneliness of my prison cell, and in spite of the suffering beginning to show in the faces of my wife and family, in spite of semi-starvation, I am still hoping for the best and trying to keep straight.

"HUMANIST" says:—I heartily approve your courageous resolution as much from the common-sense point as the moral view. It is proved by human experience that the crooked path only pays for a time, if at all.

Your town is a stronghold of the Adult School Movement. Prove your determination by joining. Be open in confiding your past to the leaders. In time you may find yourself helped to a job where no amount of innuendo from past associates can injure you.

BABY DIES:

Stepfather laughs

WHEN a young girl of seventeen, I came to London to take a post as lady's-maid in a good family. The son of the house, whenever his mother was out of the way, paid me assiduous court.

At last a baby was expected. The boy repudiated everything, and said that if I told the family he would declare that my story was all made up. I was so frightened that I ran away.

While I was wandering the streets in a distraught condition I met a man ten years older than myself, for whom my mother had once done a good turn.

He saw that I was almost out of my mind with trouble, and over a cup of tea in a café he coaxed my story from me.

He then offered me marriage as the best way of preserving my secret and providing for my future. I accepted the offer and found my remedy worse than the disease.

My husband is a seaman, who spends all his time on shore in drinking. On these occasions he thinks nothing of striking me, and some of the scars he has inflicted I shall always bear.

The real father of my child was killed in an air-crash soon after it was born. My husband seemed disappointed—he had hoped to extract some money from the secret. After this he hated the very sight of the mite.

When baby was three he fell over a bucket of boiling water which a neighbour had placed on the stairhead.

He died from the shock, and my husband merely laughed and said, "A good riddance. The brat wasn't mine, anyhow."

There are no other children, and lately I have gone home to live with my mother.

I am only twenty-three, and have lately met the one young man in the world whom I feel is my true mate.

Is there any way of getting free from my marriage, into which I was tricked when in dreadful trouble and which is now unbearable?

"HUMANIST" says: You are to be pitied for your sorrowful experience and the fact that no one was at hand to point a better way out of your predicament than rushing headlong into a loveless marriage.

If you can establish your husband's cruelty to you, you could obtain a separation order. But you have no legal grounds for divorce and you must face this unhappy fact.

MIXED MARRIAGE

is a mockery

MY daughter was only nineteen, happy and care-free, when she fell in with an attractive young Indian.

To-day, at twenty, she has come out of hospital with a child. She says she is "married," but I am assailed by horrible doubts.

She certainly went up to London with her lover for the "ceremony," but I learn that it was not performed in any Register Office, but in a private house, by an Indian law student, "according to Indian rites."

My girl's religion is that of the Established Church, and I shall not feel happy unless the marriage is celebrated either in an English church or a British Register Office.

I have pleaded with the man to gratify my wish. He retorts that the Indian ceremony is good enough for him. I have also asked my girl to come back home and give the man up, but she will not do so.

My daughter says she is married and that I am just an interfering old woman.

But I am terribly anxious for my child. I have heard that these "marriages" take place regularly, and that when the man has completed his training he returns to his own country without a qualm, leaving the accommodation "wife" and her children behind.

"HUMANIST" says: Without your consent the marriage, whatever its nature, is illegal because your daughter is under age.

I make no doubt that this so-called ceremony was a mere criminal pretence. You should denounce the man to the police and secure maintenance for the child.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

LITTLE CHILDREN SUFFER—

THESE children and their three-year-old sister welcomed with joy the advent of yet another baby sister into their home last March.

But their joy was soon turned to sorrow, for, though the baby lived, their mother died eight hours after the birth of her child.

Their father was out of work at the time. When he had found a job, his eldest daughter, aged nine, fell ill, and the following day another little one succumbed. Daddy had to stay at home to look after them both, until, four days after, he, too, fell ill, and all three were taken to the isolation hospital with diphtheria.

After five weeks he was discharged, but his two little girls are still there, owing to complications following their illness.

The children's grandmother, aged seventy-four, strove to take their mother's place, but the strain proved too much for her and she is now ill.

Their father, who is still unfit for work after his recent illness, has his back to the wall, with arrears of rent, insurance, doctor's bills and so on.

Having been blown up at Arras in July, 1917, and discharged with shell shock and neurasthenia in 1919, for which he receives no pension, and having just lost his helpmate, he is unfit to meet so much worry, and we appeal to our readers to put their hands in their pockets for his relief.

"Joy turned to sorrow"

He bears an excellent character with the firm for whom he worked for five years, and he is more than anxious to do his best for his five little daughters.

Donations for this case or the Fund in general should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments will be sent by post to those who give name and address. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at these offices, and a list of the current week's will be sent on application.

Does Rupture Hold YOU back from Active Pleasures?

If it does, take advantage of this FREE TRIAL OFFER

The summer holidays are here, with days in the open air, days by the sea or in the country, days for the enjoyment of tennis, cycling, golf and the hundred and one pastimes of joyous health. Will you enjoy them to the full, or does rupture compel you to watch the enjoyment of others? It need not.

Thousands of ruptured men, women and children have already obtained relief and comfort because they accepted this wonderful free offer, and are now enjoying the physical activity and happiness which have been denied them so long. Follow their lead—

SIGN THE COUPON BELOW

The Brooks Rupture Appliance

differs from ordinary spring trusses as youth differs from age.

It is unlike any truss you have ever seen or worn. It was invented by a man who suffered as you have suffered. He knew the discomfort of ordinary trusses, and out of his own suffering grew this idea to make something different, something more comfortable and efficient. You may try this invention FREE.

National Insurance Benefit

If you are a member of an approved Society, you may, under the additional benefits scheme, be entitled to an Appliance free through your Society. We have furnished many Appliances in this way and are always glad to do so. Be sure you state definitely to your Society and particularly to your Doctor that it is a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE you want.

The Secretary of your Society will tell you how to go about it.

Even if you are not entitled to a grant owing to your not being in benefit we may be able to help you. Ask your Secretary to write us regarding your case, but first fill in the coupon in the column opposite.

Mr. C. E. BROOKS (From a Photograph)

Take a hold on your future, enjoy life from now on.

Get ready for your holidays now. You are entitled to health and freedom of movement, to bodily ease and the joys of life. Get to know what these things really mean. Fill in the coupon and try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our money back guarantee basis. You will say, as many others have said, "Why did I not try Brooks Rupture Appliance before?" Now is the time to act—this minute—while the coupon is in front of you. Send it either to the London or the Manchester office—whichever is more convenient or nearer to you—only SEND IT NOW!

Try the Brooks Rupture Appliance on our Money-Back Guarantee

and let it banish for ever the discomfort, pain and fear of years. Let it show you how you also may enjoy the healthy activities of life. Renew your youth and know to their fullest extent the real joys of life.

REMEMBER!

We send you the Appliance on Trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Whether you work, play or sleep, it gives you positive protection and permanent comfort all the time.

The Brooks Rupture Appliance does away with all the disagreeable and irritating features of belts, supports and trusses—it has *no spring or metal part*—yet it cannot slip or move. Once properly adjusted it is always on duty. Its patented automatic air cushion, or pad, is so made that air circulates through it freely, keeping it cool and fresh, and there is a give-and-take to it which meets every movement of the body.

It is so Light, Compact and Flexible

that you can wear it and enjoy the relief and comfort it gives 24 hours a day. You don't know you have it on.

1,500 British Medical men recommend this Appliance to their patients. Many wear it themselves. Their testimony, as well as that of their patients, proves that this wonderful Appliance will bring relief, comfort, peace of mind and security to *you*. No matter what support or truss you are wearing, you owe to yourself to learn more about Brooks Rupture Appliance. The Brooks free trial offer enables you to do so at no cost to yourself.

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BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,

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(482B), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.

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REG. TRADE MARK.

If you are State insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

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Resolve Now to enjoy your Holiday this Year!

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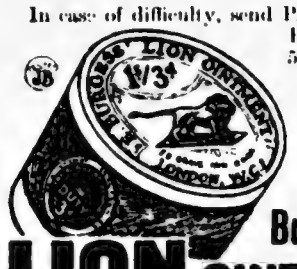
Sure and quick relief! Lion Ointment draws the poison out gently, firmly, painlessly—and forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath, in Nature's own good way. Guarantee of money refunded in full if not completely satisfied. A postcard to the Proprietors of Lion Ointment brings you Signed Guarantee Form.

For over 83 years, Lion Ointment has been the household stand-by, the old reliable remedy, for local blood infections. Successful even in obstinate cases of Leg Trouble.

Wonderful also for Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bites, Stings. Be sure to pack a box in your holiday trunk. Perfectly safe for infants. From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per box.

In case of difficulty, send P.O. to Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59c, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.



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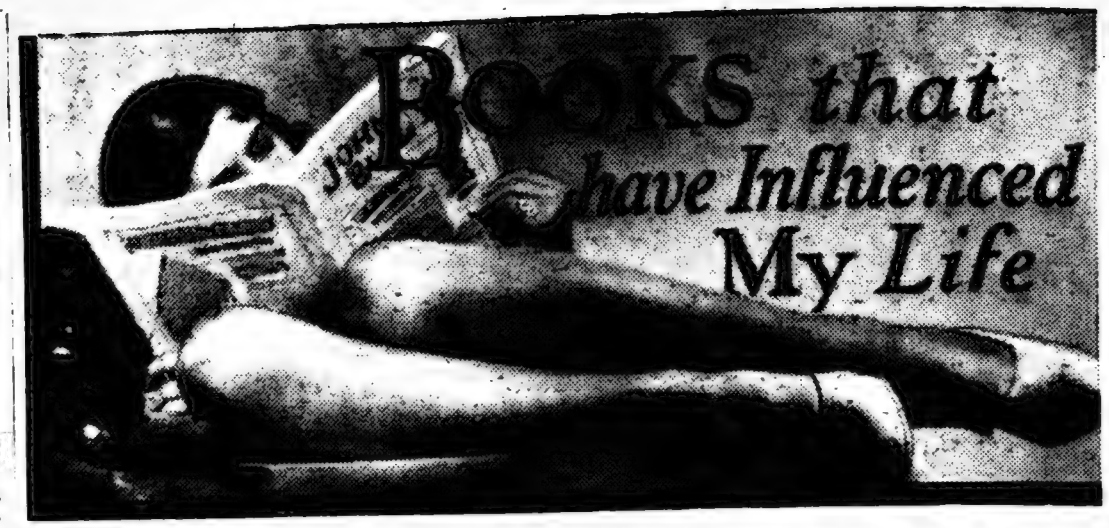

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon [illegible] below, not exceeding 100 words [illegible], 10s. will be paid for each letter [illegible]. Envelopes should be marked "Letter [illegible]" and must reach [illegible] by first post on Tuesday, September [illegible].

Should Courting Couples Share Expenses?

As a bed-ridden invalid, I can assert that "The Life of Helen Keller" has been a great help to me.

That remarkable account of a battle won against the triple enemies of deafness, lack of speech and blindness enabled me to put my disability in its right focus, and gave me sufficient backbone to earn my own living.—*A. W., Daybrook.*

Memories

During the war I was in camp in England, feeling disheartened and lonely.

I turned into a hut where a service was being held. As we were filing out the white-haired padre gave me a khaki testament.

On the front page was a message from that Christian soldier, Lord Roberts. How I treasured that little book!

I wore it in my tunic pocket and read it in the most outlandish places—yes, read it at last in the very land where the great drama outlined in its pages was first enacted.

That book impressed me most of all. —*Salopian, Oakengates.*

His Power Remains

I am just a lad of eighteen who desires to be a success.

Working as a labourer, I found life very dull, until I began to read some of "Woodbine Willie's" books. Then, my outlook changed.

I am now preparing for a noble calling, for I, too, feel that "I dare not give man food, unless I give him more. . . . He must have God."—*I. Jenkins, Rhymney.*

The Weaker Sex?

When the children have gone to rest, and the supper things are washed, I find a few minutes to read the life-stories of famous women like Lady Bell, the Countess of Warwick, Mrs. Eddy, Nurse Cavell, Florence Nightingale.

With them I satisfy my taste for adventure, and forget that the gas meter needs a penny every two hours, and John wants his breakfast at seven.

My grandfather used to sum up Women in one word—"Mysteries." Maybe—but very interesting all the same.—*F. C., Nottingham.*

Not Highbrow

Two books which have influenced my life are *Ruff's Guide* and the *Sporting Life Weekly Edition.*

Not for your good, some may say, but racing is something to think about when tending a monotonous machine at work; it provides mild excitement, and, thanks to the racing experts, I occasionally get a little extra pocket money.—*Punter, Rugby.*

Phases

The prayer book has influenced my life in many ways.

First came my baptism, initiating me into the Christian Faith. Then came my Confirmation and my first Communion, both great events in my young life.

Later came the marriage service, the greatest and happiest event of all, followed by the churching of women.

Last of all will be the burial service when I am laid to my final rest.—*Christian, Ringwood.*

Second Thoughts

The book which most influenced me was a pocket-book well filled with notes. I found it in the gutter of a suburban road.

The amount of money was a fortune to me, as I was getting a very poor wage. I was sorely tempted, because my family were having a bad spell of sickness. However, I returned the notebook to the owner, whose address I found inside.

I am now in his employ and am receiving a much better wage.—*W. C., Manchester.*

Clerical Error?

The book which influenced my life most was a shorthand instructor.

I spent many hours, and finally got a reporter's job on a local paper.

A girl friend used to dictate from the book. As my wife, she is still dictating in a different way.—*Downward H—, Rugby.*

The Little One

The books which influence my life are human books. The one which influenced me most of all was a "little book" ending at Chapter Five.—*Mother, Yorks.*

Teachers

The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the poems and songs of Burns are the books which have influenced me most.

Each of those books is a heritage that goes surely and abidingly home to men's hearts; each of them teaches us an infinite pity and an abiding love for our fellow-mortals.—*Rob Roy, Dumbarton.*

Every Day

What, in the realm of written things, can have more influence, for good or ill, than the daily doings of our living fellows as recorded in that mirror of modern human experience—the Press?

Here, the clean, vigorous life of the athlete, explorer, soldier, ex-newsboy-business magnate or politician, each with its inspiring message of opportunities grasped and held.

There, with their lessons of small beginnings and sometimes great, but always sorry, endings, the lives of criminals, forgers, gangsters, swindlers.

And, nearer home, the smaller everyday successes and failures of the ordinary people—ourselves.

Here is my "book of life"—the Press. —*H. Towell, Edmonton.*

• • •

LOOSE LEAVES

Dickens took his characters from life—life which never changes. People I meet I unconsciously compare with these characters, and in doing so I am influenced one way or the other.—*Bookworm, Staffs.*

Books of history, travel, literature, mathematics: in short, the books of school.—*Fred Phillip, Colne.*

Books which affect my daily life include: My rent book, cheque book, and last, but not least, my pass-book.—*R. A. Dicker, W.9.*

My mumy and dady both being very strick church people, to of the books that have influenced my life most is the common prayer book and the bible.—*Young Daughter, Sutton.*

Rather a grim little book, my Army pay book, which I was later to see torn and stained with my own blood—yet the memory of it is still a powerful influence in my life.—*O. S. Lear, Kenton.*

Those belonging to my employer, a commission agent. I never back horses now.—*Uno, Blackburn.*

Now, alas! the book that dominates my life is my unemployment book.—*H. K., Blackburn.*

OUR EXPERT'S FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Matches played on August 29

FIRST DIVISION.
*(1) EVERTON v. Birmingham.
*(2) ARSENAL v. W.B. Albion.
(3) Blackpool v. Derby.
**(4) VILLA v. Leicester.
(5) Blackburn v. WEDNESDAY.
(6) BOLTON v. West Ham.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Grimsby.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Sunderland.
(9) Middlesbrough v. Chelsea.
*(10) NEWCASTLE v. Liverpool.
(11) Sheffield U. v. PORTSMOUTH.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) SWANSEA v. Leeds.
(2) BARNSLEY v. Bradford C.
*(3) SOUTHAMPTON v. Burnley.
*(4) BRADFORD v. Manchester U.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Bury.
(6) CHARLTON v. Notts Forest.
**(7) NOTTS C. v. Millwall.
(8) OLDHAM v. Preston.
(9) PLYMOUTH v. Port Vale.
(10) STOKE v. Chesterfield.
(11) WOLVES v. Hotspur.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) BRENTFORD v. Q.P. Rangers.
(2) THAMES v. Exeter.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Bristol R.
**(4) BRIGHTON v. Norwich.
(5) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Torquay.
(6) FULHAM v. Coventry.
(7) MANSFIELD v. Swindon.
(8) NORTHAMPTON v. Cardiff.
*(9) READING v. Luton.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Gillingham.
(11) WATFORD v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) NEW BRIGHTON v. Gateshead.
(2) York v. TRANMERE.
(3) WALSALL v. Barrow.
(4) CHESTER v. Wigan.
(5) Crewe v. WREXHAM.
(6) Doncaster v. STOCKPORT.
(7) Hartlepools v. Carlisle.
*(8) HULL v. Halifax.
*(9) LINCOLN v. Darlington.
(10) ROCHDALE v. Accrington.
**(11) SOUTHPORT v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE
(1) Third Lanark v. Kilmarnock.
(2) DUNDEE v. Queen's Park.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Dundee U.
(4) Ayr v. RANGERS.
*(5) CELTIC v. Hamilton.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Morton.
(7) HEARTS v. Clyde.
*(8) MOTHERWELL v. Aberdeen.
**(9) PARTICK v. Leith.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Falkirk.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—4(*H*); Div. II.—7(*H*); Southern Section—4(*H*); Northern Section—11(*H*); Scottish League 9(*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Notts County, Brighton, Southport and Partick.

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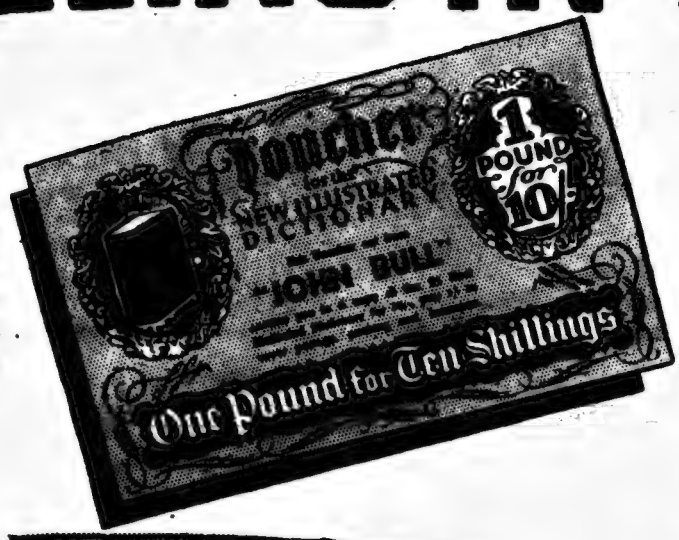
This Voucher

if sent by post must accompany the Order Form on the right or must be presented by personal callers at one of the addresses given. No Dictionary will be sold at half price without a Voucher.



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J.3. J.B., 29.8.31

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Under this powerful Treatment chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Do you wish to banish your skin trouble? Then suffer no longer. This famous method of Treatment exists to help you and to cure you. No matter how long you may have suffered; no matter how many Treatments have failed to help you; no matter what you may have tried, the Tremol Treatment is here to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery.

Think what this great opportunity means to you! Freedom from skin trouble, with all its intolerable irritation, annoyance, discomfort, and disfigurement. Do not allow yourself to go on suffering perhaps for years and years, when a cure awaits you. There are reasons why Tremol will bring you relief.

IT IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU.

Tremol Treatment is a real Treatment. It is not a stock remedy. It is a complete Treatment, specially prepared for your own case. It is prescribed and suited exactly to your own needs. Thirty Years' Specialised skill and knowledge is put into your Treatment. Thirty Years' Practical experience is behind the treatment of your case. Practical help and advice backs you while under the Treatment. These are some of the many reasons why the Treatment is such a grand success.

READ THESE QUESTIONS

1. Do you suffer from Psoriasis?
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3. Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp?
4. Is there dreadful itchiness?
5. Have you Boils or Abscesses?
6. Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous?
7. Are the hands or feet affected?
8. Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?
9. Is there an open wound on your leg?

If you suffer from any of these Skin Troubles, Tremol Treatment is

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STILL BIGGER FIRST FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

FIRST PRIZE **£900**

AN EXTRA **£50** FOR RUNNERS-UP

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED EASY TO ENTER FO

THE first prize in "John Bull's" Crossword is now bigger still. The huge prize offered is £900 with £50 to be divided between the Runners-up. Take advantage of this great offer. Here is an opportunity of winning a huge cash prize with a little simple skill in this splendid contest. Don't hesitate for a moment. ENTER NOW.

"JOHN BULL," will pay £900 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 10th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 17th.

Winners in X-Word No. 1 appear on page 30.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 128

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 128 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for Two Squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, September 3rd.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 17th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £900 prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, September 22th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are counted according to number of words which wrongly answer the clues given

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

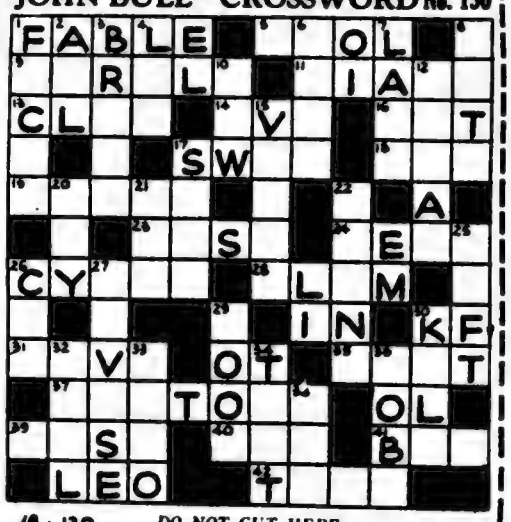
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 130



JB · 130 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB · 130

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 3

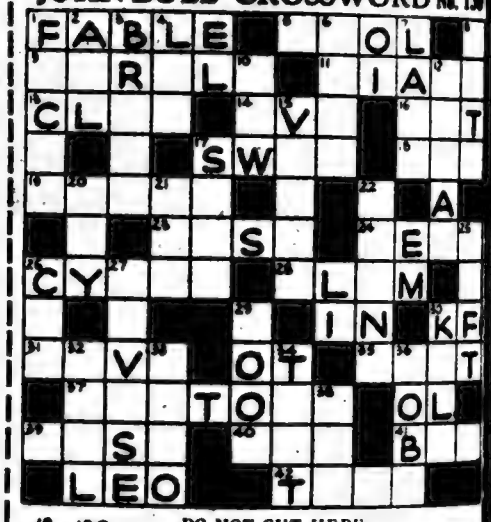
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Fairy tale.
5. Is ruined by swindling financier.
9. Lightly.
11. Paderewski plays this.
13. Clothed.
14. Day before.
16. Beer is brewed in.
17. Bird with long graceful neck.
18. Donkey.
19. Perfume.
23. Comfort.
24. Scream.
26. Drink made from apples.
28. Slender.
31. Bird of peace.
35. Rough, hard particles.
37. Triumph.
39. Sometimes needed for dress.
40. Female rabbit.
41. Helps the sale of chocolates.
42. Helps editor fill newspaper.

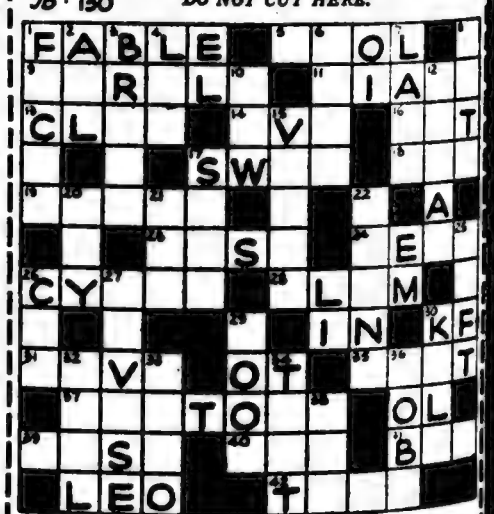
CLUES DOWN.

1. Memory for these is useful.
2. Be ill.
3. Generally in the van.
4. What covers saucepan.
6. Not closed.
7. Volcano emits.
8. Are usually kept spick and span.
10. Evergreen tree.
12. Relating to the nose.
15. These are often used for decoration.
17. Famous actress is one.
20. Approaching age may make her.
21. Indicates maiden name.
22. Pity those doing this in hospital.
25. Big house often includes one.
26. Something which is eaten.
27. Contrive.
29. Often dependent on your digestion.
30. Contraction of kilometre.
32. Egg-shaped.
33. Reverberated sound.
34. Pace quicker than a walk.
36. Gown.
38. Another form of "yes."

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 130



JB · 130 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB · 130

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 3

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 130), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

W. (Liverpool).—"*Firemen have turn out fully dressed in half a nute.*" *That is the explanation why there are so few fire-women.*

L. (London, N.).—"I haven't been this summer." This what?

M. (Letchworth).—"Do you really that your opinion of me is cor-" We hope not, for your sake.

P. (Bedford).—"I like to give a price for gramophone records." We like paying for them either.

PPER (Windsor).—"I wish I could ny face on coins." Wouldn't you r get your hands on them?

T. (Christchurch).—"An angler written a romance." What else an angler have written?

M. (Daventry).—"I cannot find a et for my brains." Try Wool-hs.

P. (Wivenhoe).—"I intend to send ome blackberries by post." Then early to avoid the crush.

S. (Brighton).—"I just smiled and nothing." There is nothing like ssing your mind.

M. (Grendon).—"Don't you think son who says 'Yes' to every ques-gets on one's nerves?" Yes.

RGE (Goole).—"Is there any remedy onspicuous knock-knees?" Yes, fours.

E. (Frome).—"What do you think when suddenly I saw before me vil-looking and repulsive face." hed the mirror?

L. (Oxford).—"I am often mistaken politician." We have every admira-for a man who can tell a story st himself.

V. (Southend).—"In some coun-women still cover their faces in c." But they don't smear the on as they do in this country.

L. (Nuneaton).—"Not one of the etitors in the women's obstacle completed the course." Did you a large mirror half-way along the ?

SPRINTER (Dundee).—"I train on grape fruit." For that extra spurt?

D. M. (Berne).—"I am spending the summer in Switzerland." Oh, so that's where it is?

F. D. (Buxton).—"Is boxing a person's ears really a dangerous habit?" What size person?

T. M. (Bude).—"Do you believe in the cancelling of all debts?" Yes, if you owe us a letter.

D. J. (Colindale).—"I wish I had lived in prehistoric days." So do we. Then you wouldn't be writing us letters now.

F. M. (Hitchin).—"Do you really believe that the eating of sausages shortens life?" It certainly does in the case of pigs.

F. N. (Atherstone).—"I have invented a match which ignites when you breathe on it." Well, there is nothing striking about that.

R. G. B. (Swindon).—"I don't believe in being lazy, and am downstairs every morning at six." Do you live in a bungalow?

DOCTOR (Glasgow).—"The best cure for listlessness is a cold bath in the early morning." Oh, well, what's the next best?

W. N. (Exeter).—"What makes history so popular in Scotland?" Train fares.

P. K. (Godalming).—"Do the elaborate musical shows pay?" In the long run.

J. R. (Oban).—"Holiday tan makes the face look shorter." Holiday bills have just the opposite effect.

S. K. (Mayfair).—"It is becoming a fashion for girls to smoke a strong cigar in the evening." They'll soon get sick of that.

Mrs. D. (Leeds). "My husband's lumbago comes on very suddenly." Usually just after you have asked him to roll the lawn, we suppose.

VET. (Hull).—"Animals suffer the pains that human beings are prone to suffer." Then any dachshund with tummy-ache has our deepest sympathy.

J. G. (Morpeth).—"A man named Dust claims never to have stayed in one town for more than a month." Evidently, he can't settle.

A. L. (Beckenham).—"Why do nearly all American talkie actresses use a stage name?" Probably because they change their real name so often.

P. M. (Uxbridge).—"At 6 a.m. a man's brain is clear." He can then follow the milkman about until he recognises his own home.

M. S. (Mitcham).—"I was in prison for debt, but I escaped in order to get married." You ought to have known when you were safe and well off.

C. V. (Newport).—"I have decided to give up golf and to take to tennis instead." Our partner in a recent foursome seemed to have done this already.

S. G. (Plymouth).—"Some men see double after a couple of drinks." We hope the man who reads our electric light meter is a teetotaller.

F. P. (Chelsea).—"I want to get advice regarding the publication of the enclosed poems. Whom do you advise me to see?" A mental specialist.

E. D. (Broadstairs).—"Spotting a winner, I forgot to put a bet on it." That saved the bookie a run for your money.

G. K. (Harwich).—"A lighthouse-keeper plays the saxophone." The trouble is that there are not enough lighthouses to accommodate all our saxophonists.

A. K. (Tottenham).—"I would rather play cricket than go hiking." There's not much enjoyment in the weary hike from the wicket to the pavilion after scoring a duck.

W. C. (Sudbury).—"A Paris court has ruled that a husband may open his wife's letters." France is rapidly moving to secure complete equality between the sexes.

GEORGE S. (Carlisle).—"What beats a nice scrambled egg?" A cook, usually.

L. N. (Mersea).—"Business is on the up-grade." Hence the steep prices.

F. M. (Stratford).—"What is the return when you put £1 to win on a 20 to 1 chance?" Nothing.

N. Y. (Hornsey).—"A pickpocket was surprised at work in a Government office." So should we be.

W. M. (Ingatestone).—"Believe me, London is not so bad as it is painted." If you are an artist, we agree.

T. M. (London, W.).—"Some of our convicts are given a weekly talking-picture show." Others are sentenced to mere hard labour.

L. C. (Bristol).—"A new dance something like the Black Bottom is shortly to be introduced to London." We suppose a new dance something like a dance is too much to expect.

J. T. (Arbroath).—"Hearing the hero tell the heroine of a talkie that he loves her always makes me annoyed." Still, it does usually indicate that the film is almost at an end.

J. R. (Richmond).—"Where I stopped for the past month the meals were regular, the charges very reasonable and there was no noisy jazz band." When did you come out?

Mrs. B. (Wallasey).—"My husband left me three months ago in order to get some stamps and has not yet returned." No doubt he has made up his mind to wait until somebody serves him.

H. S. (Bournemouth).—"If anybody can balance the Budget, the 'Big Five' will do it." If your budget needs balancing also, call in the "Big Ten" on page 31.

T. F. (Wimbledon).—"I told my wife that I forbade her to wear one of the new bowler hats or I should know the reason why." And we suppose the sole result is that you now know the reason why.

D. W. (Birmingham).—"It is impossible for a woman to buy a frock in fifteen minutes." We hope you are right. If it were possible, goodness knows what she could do in a whole day.

G. N. (Walsall).—"Russia has abandoned the equalised-pay system and has adopted the capitalistic theory of payment according to skill and ability." It only remains now for the capitalistic countries to follow suit.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Commodious FAMILY, redecorated, to Let."

THE WILTSHIRE TIMES:—"He had seen men from those areas WEAVING gloves whilst using the pick and shovel."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"Small, recently established General Engineering and Specialist WEDDING Business."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"The constable WASHED in front of the taxi-cab and scattered the children."

DARWEN NEWS:—"One woman I noticed had her head drawn SLEEKLY BACK OVER AND BEHIND HER EAR."

DAILY MAIL:—"He was driven from pillar to POTS."

THE EVENING TIMES:—"He thereupon speeded up to try to catch the waggon and WARM the driver."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Barton, who was on the committee, struck him on the PAW."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"F. W——, whose address was stated to have been 36 MILES AN HOUR."

COWDENBEATH ADVERTISER:—"H. V—— and his Piano-Accordion, a MASHER of this instrument."

DUNDALK DEMOCRAT AND PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"Constable H—— at much personal risk rescued a valuable HOUSE from drowning."

Why dogs SCRATCH excessively *in Late Summer*

SCRATCHING is the only relief a dog has against the prickly irritation caused by overheated and impure blood. You cannot stop him, and should not expect him to stop, until you have conditioned him and his blood is clean and pure.

Most dogs are out of condition now, as frequent overheating during the summer months has left their blood impure. You will save your dog much needless suffering if you condition him *promptly* with Bob Martin's Condition Powders which refresh and purify the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat and Swellings between the toes.*

And, famous prize-winners of the shows and Field Trials are all kept in condition with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

There are 9 powders in the sixpenny packets, and 18 in the shilling boxes—from dog biscuit shops, chemists, and big stores.

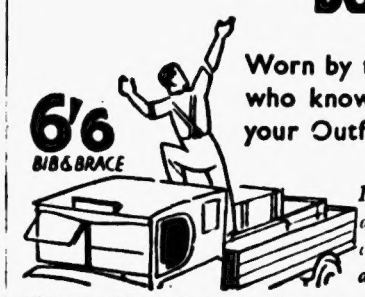
Since 1892 the world's dog remedy.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

'HI-JOE!'

That's the worst of that lad, he will keep showing off his Bolenium Overalls just because

BOLENIUMS NEVER LET YOU DOWN



6/6 BIB & BRACE

Worn by the man who knows. Ask your Outfitter.

If you have any difficulty write direct to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

HIMROD'S Asthma Cure

No. 5. 'PLUS TWO' NO ENTRANCE FEE

£300 FREE CONTEST BEHEADED NAMES

Conducted by the manufacturers of 'Plus Two' Cigarettes.

What well-known surnames are these?
Solve the ten below and win a big prize

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £100

10 AYLOR	6 LEST
2 AYNE	7 ALE
3 IGGS	8 AIN
4 ANN	9 OWER
5 IBBS	10 RACE

The missing letters are represented by the initial letter of the word illustrated.

RULES

Only one name must be given to each space.
The prize of £200 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution. Failing this the prize will be awarded to the next best. The Second Prize is £100.
If more than one person share a prize, it will be divided equally among them.
The Competition Editor of the DAILY SKETCH will act as Judge, and his decision is final and legally binding. Employees of Godfrey Phillips Ltd. and members of their families may not compete.
Each double entry form must be accompanied by that piece of flap containing the words "PLUS TWO PUSH THIS END" taken from a 6d. packet of 12 "PLUS TWO" cigarettes (or two 3d. packet flaps). You may send in as many single or double entries as you like on this basis. The flap from a 1 - packet of 24 covers two double entries. If you buy boxes of 60 or more, send the lids. If you wish to send in more entries than you have packets for, a 6d. P.O. (crossed and made payable to Godfrey Phillips Ltd.), will be accepted for each additional double entry.

All entries to Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Box 62, 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2. Closing date is Oct. 2.
Result to be announced in this paper on Oct. 24.

IMPORTANT.
Other entries—accompanied by the necessary pieces or flap may be made on plain paper cut to the size of entry form, but only one side of the paper should be used. This offer will not appear again. Cut it out for reference

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES ENTRY FORM

1st ATTEMPT	2nd ATTEMPT
1.....	1.....
2.....	2.....
3.....	3.....
4.....	4.....
5.....	5.....
6.....	6.....
7.....	7.....
8.....	8.....
9.....	9.....
10.....	10.....

Name.....
Address .....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS J.B.6.
.....

PLUS TWO Cigarettes 6 for 3d 12 for 6d

RUINED BY STORM AND FLOOD.

JOHN BULL CHEQUES FOR UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS.

ONCE again JOHN BULL has come to the timely rescue of its readers who have suffered through the terrible havoc wrought by the recent storms and floods.

Torrential rains, making rivers of roads and gardens, have penetrated to homes, bringing with it ruin and despair.

Many cheques have been despatched to victims who were fortunate enough to have the protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Insurance Gift. Fire—Storm—Flood—Sickness—Accident—JOHN BULL covers you free.

Could you call on JOHN BULL to help you in such disaster? If not, fill in the registration forms below.

JOHN BULL—the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefits

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 29/8/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and address of Newsagent.
.....
.....
Date .....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 29/8/31.

£700 Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 127.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following eighteen competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £33 6s. 8d. will be despatched.

Mrs. J. W. Ashley, 13, Park Rd., Newhall, Nr. Burton-on-Trent ; Miss G. Barnard, March Rd., Friaybridge, Wisbech, Cambs. ; W. A. Burnett, 16, West View Park Rd., Barnsley, Yorks ; E. Carlson, 160, Godstone Rd., Caterham ; D. Coomber, 3, Avenue Cottages, Morden Rd., Merton, S.W.19 ; Mrs. W. Davies, 25, Malvern Hill Rd., Nechells ; Mrs. R. Green, 14, Sunny Bank, Machen, Mon. ; Miss E. Hare, 56, Ashden Rd., Saffron Walden, Essex ; H. T. Hocking, Snape, Saxmundham ; Miss Hoile, 72, Coltman St., Hull ; F. Johnson, 65, Portland Rd., Shirebrook, Mansfield ; F. M. Lewis, Convalescent Home, Lowestoft, N. ; W. D. Munday, 26, Linden Av., Bognor Regis ; Mrs. A. Mumford, 26, Bromley Gardens, Bromley, Kent ; J. Pearson, 25, Focus Way, Ealing, W.13 ; J. Pearson, 58, Church St., Berwick-on-Tweed ; F. W. Pridmore, 41, New Penlake, Bedford ; F. J. Skinner, 97, Heather Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £600 must demand a Scrutiny, by First Post, Tuesday, September 8th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to The Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 147 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors and will each receive 13s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Another splendid X-Word, with a £900 First Prize and £50 to be divided between the runners-up, appears on Page 28. Try your skill now.

After Outdoor Exercise Wash Out Your Pores
with
Cuticura Soap
and hot water

Anoint any redness or roughness with **Cuticura Ointment.** Nothing better for keeping the skin in good condition.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

'BULLETS' BIG [illegible] AWAIT YOUR PEN!

INCREASED FIRST PRIZE
£500
This week only
OVER £35,000 CASH
THIS HUGE SUM HAS ALREADY BEEN WON FROM THE INKWELL BY 'BULLETS' COMPETITORS IN 1931. NOW WE'RE HEADING SWIFTLY FOR THE £50,000 MARK. AND YOU CAN BRING IT £500 NEARER BY WINNING THIS WEEK'S FIRST PRIZE
10 PRIZES OF £2·10
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
10000
'TARGET' PRIZES!

EN BIG OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN THIS WEEK!

TO herald next week's opening of *Bullets* big Autumn Campaign, JOHN BULL has increased this week's First Prize to £500.

Added to this special attraction there are nine other substantial awards ranging from £50 to £10, as well as hundreds of other cash prizes for competitors who are wise enough to start their autumn attack on the *Bullets* front at once.

Any of these cheques, remember, may be yours for spending a quiet half-our on the absorbing pastime of making a *Bullet*. This is done by adding WO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *xamples* below. To show you the way, let us suppose you have chosen to ork upon the *Example* MAN WITH A CIGAR; well, the added words BOOKIE—UT PUNTERS "SICK" would complete a *Bullet*.

Before you begin on your efforts for this week's contest study the following *ullets* taken from last week's prize-list; their varied phrasing will show you me of the many roads to success:—

LED TO THE SLAUGHTER—MANY, "BLINDFOLDED" WITH FLAGS.
BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET—AND WALKING BACKWARD, POLITICIAN.
TOURISTS—"PATRONS" OUR "SAINTS" DISCOURAGE.

Keeping the good points of these prize *Bullets* well in mind, set to work is evening on some efforts of your own, making sure that they are in by aturday, September 5.

Choose from these "Examples"

KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING
WORLD-WIDE DEPRESSION
IN THE EYES OF THE LAW
GIGANTIC PROBLEM
KEPT ON
MADDENING
A LOVE MATCH
DAME RUMOUR
ALL ALONG
WHEN HE'S CAUGHT
MAN WITH A CIGAR
DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT
SWELLING WITH PRIDE
LIKE A FISH
CUTTING THINGS FINE
CANNIBAL KING
DROWNING HIS TROUBLES
SURPRISINGLY EASY
ON THE SURFACE
MEETING HIS FATE
DAD TURNED PLUMBER AND
ELOQUENT SILENCE
FOUND
POCKET BATTLESHIP
HEAVY
COSY CORNER
EVEN WORSE
TERROR OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OUR STATION
HER HANDKERCHIEF
SOUNDS SINISTER
APPEALS TO A MAN

☛ **The result of Competition No. 815 ("Bullets" Record August Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale on Thursday, Sept. 3.**

"BULLETS" RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what the opinion of the judges in consultation ith the Editor is the best Bullet received nd the other prizes in order of merit, the st being cleverness, aptness and originality. he Editor undertakes that every Bullet re-ived shall have careful consideration by a mpetent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on ch coupon, and a postal order must be closed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon ade use of. This must be made payable to OHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors ust write their names and addresses and the ate of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be ly noted on each coupon submitted. oupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of spute arising in connection with this com-tition must be accepted as final and legally nding in all respects, and acceptance of this ize is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their milies are not eligible to compete.

WHO WINS THE PRIZES?

DO you realise that the competitors who carry off our big prizes are mostly just ordinary readers of JOHN BULL like yourself? They have developed the happy knack of expressing their thoughts in *Bullets*, that is all.

Take up *Bullets* yourself, and you may soon be just as happy as Mr. Leonard Jones, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks, a worker in a toy factory, who won last week's First Prize of £300 for making up the effort, MAIN THING IN LIFE—IS "FAITH IN ANOTHER."

Another competitor now enjoying that winning feeling which can be yours is the maker of last week's Second Prize effort—WORTH HEARING—FATHER JOKING—DESPITE JOKES. He was Mr. J. Pryce Jones, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham, and, ingeniously though he constructed that effort, he would be the first to agree that any other reader might well have hit upon it.

Third of last week's trio of big winners was Mr. E. W. Richardson, 15, Victor Street, Hull, an unemployed man of 25, whose £25 words were DESIRABLE RESIDENCE — WORLD—"HOUSEKEEPING" THAT'S WRONG.

Carried Unanimously

On one point these three prize-winners are unanimous—they all pay a tribute to the assistance provided by *Bullets Bulletin*, our free weekly help for keen "Bulleteers."

If you have never seen a copy, send your name and address on a penny postcard to the address on the coupon at the foot of the adjoining column.

Your better plan, however, is to complete this coupon and thus make sure of a copy every Thursday for twelve weeks for the mere cost of postage.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 816 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the first Prize-winner in Competition No. 814 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. E. Brockley and Son, Broad St., Chesham, Bucks.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 5
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(818) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 5
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(818) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 5
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(818) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 5
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(818) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 816, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

WHOSE £1000? NEXT WEEK'S ONE-WEEK OFFER, THE BIGGEST EVER FOR SEPTEMBER, IS BRINGING THIS FOUR-FIGURE FIRST!

See the Change Yeast-Vite Makes

If *YOU* Are Poor in Health

RUN-DOWN
OUT-OF-SORTS
EXHAUSTED
DEPRESSED

Life only "drags by" when you're feeling like this.

IF you are Out-of-Sorts, Run-Down, "Nervy," Bilious, Headachy, Oppressed with Pain, Rheumatic, Worried, Over-Excited, or Unable to Sleep, all you need to do is to obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Quick Tonic Tablets, and if you don't soon feel Brightened, Refreshed and Reinvigorated, your money will be refunded in full under a £5,000 Guarantee.

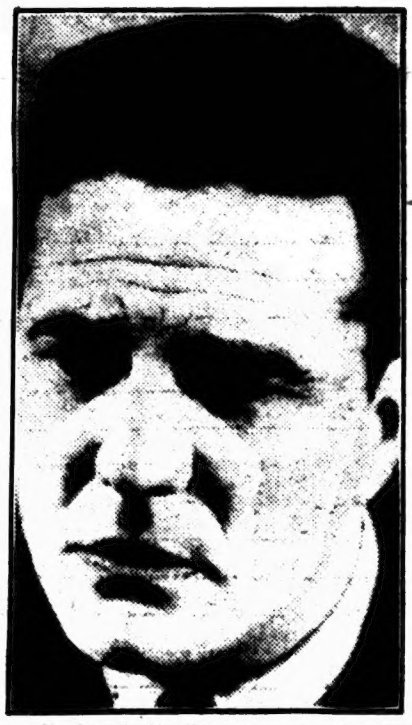
"Yeast-Vite" gives QUICK RELIEF and LASTING HEALTH—because it Benefits Body, Blood, Brain, and Nerves. In the Vital Vitamin 'B' which "Yeast-Vite" so abundantly contains is the POWER to Revitalise and Reinvigorate—to Feed, Nourish and Strengthen. Why should YOU be Run-Down or "Out of Sorts" when Good Health is so Quickly and Easily attainable? Test "Yeast-Vite" TO-DAY. Experience the IMMEDIATE Benefit it gives. As the Exhilarating Buoyancy and Vigour of Youth returns, and the weight of Pain and Weakness is lifted from your shoulders, you will be able to echo happily—joyously—"It is the Finest Tonic in the World."

BUOYANT!
VIGOROUS!
ENERGETIC!
FIT & WELL!

Work's a joy and play a pleasure when you're feeling well.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES - -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS



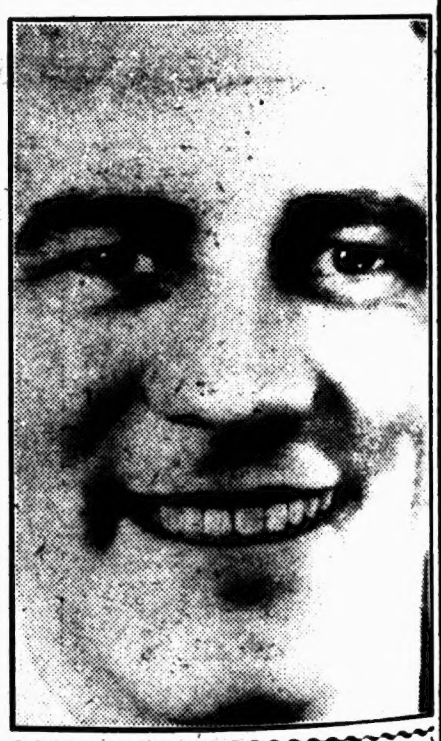
HEAD & STOMACH TROUBLE.

I find **Yeast-Vite** very beneficial to **anyone suffering from head and stomach trouble, as I have suffered.** I take two in water every other day and find them enough to keep me fit for the week, and able to overcome my daily duty. I think that no **household should be without them.**
(Sgd.) P. I. F. (Mr.).

NO CURE NO PAY!

£5,000 GUARANTEE!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded without quibble or question under our £5,000 Guarantee.



Our Health Secret.

Yeast-Vite is an accurate Scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ) with Vitamins (especially the All-important Health Vitamin B), and other Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

NERVOUS DEBILITY!

Some months ago I wrote to you explaining my **nervous state of debility following malaria contracted during the war,** and you advised me to persevere with 'Yeast-Vite.' For this advice I wish to thank you, as this last few months I have **never felt better in my life,** and the least sign of jangled nerves are put right with one or two tablets.

Yeast-Vite

BRAND

TONIC TABLETS. From All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Bottle.

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